The New Congress—By William Allen White

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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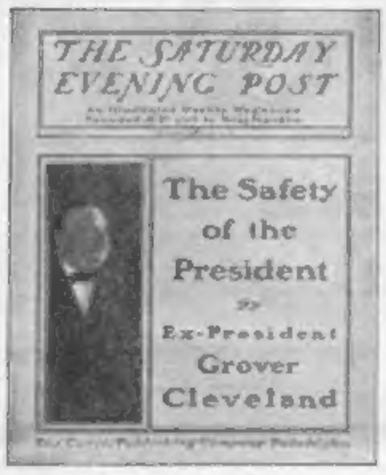
Sinful Peck

By

Morgan Robertson

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia

The Saturday Evening Post



Features of Early Winter Numbers

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST wishes you a Happy New Year. And at the same time it suggests that the magazine itself is able to do much toward the fulfillment of the wish. Entering upon a new year with new strength and increased prosperity it has laid out a program which will make it the most interesting and readable magazine in the country.

If your subscription is about to expire a prompt renewal will prevent your missing some of the most important issues of the year—containing valuable and timely special articles, and the opening installments of new serials. Early renewal is urged because we shall not be able to supply back numbers.

Last week we published a page of short-story titles. Below is a condensed list of general articles that are to appear within a few weeks.

Ex-President Grover Cleveland and Ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed

Will contribute important papers to early numbers.

By William Allen White

The Farmer Up-to-date—Mr. William Allen White in this clever paper tells of the actual conditions prevailing among the progressive, well-to-do farmers of the West.

Other Papers—Mr. White will be a frequent contributor to the magazine. He will tell in its columns some new stories of Kansas life and draw more of his striking character sketches of the men in the public eye.

Photography for Amateurs

An important feature of the magazine is an advanced course (now appearing) for amateurs in artistic photography. Recent progress in photography has enabled almost any one to take a fairly good picture; but only a small proportion of the army of amateurs are capable of thoroughly artistic work. In these practical papers Miss Zaida Ben-Yûsuf explains all the little points which make the difference between good and bad work.

PAPERS BY SENATOR BEVERIDGE

In a recent series of papers Senator Beveridge told, from personal observation, what Russia is doing in Manchuria—how, by peaceful methods, she is annexing a great empire. In a new series of articles Mr. Beveridge will give an inside view of Eastern policies and politics.

A Diplomatic Game for an Empire. This paper is an extraordinary account of Russia's dealings with Japan—a masterly explanation of the diplomacy which robbed Japan of the fruits of her victory over China, made an ally of Germany and outwitted Downing street.

Russia's March to the Pacific. Day by day the Czar is extending his dominion and pushing his boundaries to the Eastward. In an absorbingly interesting way this paper describes Russia's march to the Pacific.

The Inevitable War. War between Russia and Japan is inevitable, says Senator Beveridge. Racial hatred between the two nations is intense. Each side knows that war must come, and each side is preparing for the conflict. The attitude of each to the other is brilliantly set forth in this significant article.

TO YOUNG MEN IN BUSINESS

The editors of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST are arranging to have the men who are at the top in your particular business assist you to a better position. In a series of papers soon to appear they will tell you about the things that helped them when they were beginners. They will give the names of books, carefully selected from the literature of their business, which will supplement what you learn in the office and factory, and so help you to quicker advancement by increasing your value to your employer.

THE HOME COLLEGE COURSE

This course of study has been planned by a special faculty of university professors to meet the needs of young men and women who have not been to college. Haphazard study is of but little value; but systematic reading along clearly defined lines has made highly educated men of thousands who never saw a college or university.

There will be courses in Literature, Science, History, Politics, Economics and English Composition.

These courses will form a permanent department. They will tell young people just how to set to work and how to get the greatest return for their labor. Each course will be in charge of one of the leading professors of a great university. Pains will be taken to answer fully and helpfully the questions and inquiries of all who take this course. This department will begin a few weeks hence.

By Hon. Charles Emory Smith

Cabinets and Cabinet-Making—Hon. Charles Emory Smith has written for the magazine a timely paper on Cabinets and Cabinet-Making. This article is based on information and illustrations which have come to the author's personal knowledge.

William McKinley—A series of papers in which Postmaster-General Smith tells of his long acquaintance with the late President, and shows by reminiscences the personal characteristics of his distinguished friend.

By Nat Goodwin

Mr. Nat C. Goodwin, the popular actor, is at work on a series of bright articles dealing with the experiences of a comedian. These clever papers are full of amusing anecdotes and funny adventures.

Presence of Mind on the Stage—A bright paper, in which some leading actors and actresses tell about the tight places they have been in.

There will be several other articles devoted to players and singers.

Two Views of Poe

Two papers by two men who saw different sides of the great poet and story teller—Richard Henry Stoddard and Eugene L. Didier, author of the Standard Life of Poe.

These articles throw new light on the curious personality of one of the greatest of American men of letters.

5c the copy of newsdealers *$1.00 the year by subscription*

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

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SINFUL PECK—By Morgan Robertson

Gunner Meagher — Poop-Deck Cahill — Sinful Peck — Big Pig Monahan — Seldom Helward

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TIME had dealt kindly with Captain Jackson. There were a few deep lines in his weather-worn face and a sprinkling of silver in his hair, but he carried his "six-foot-six" of bone and muscle as erect as in youth, his stride was springy as ever, and his gray eyes seemed to have an added keenness coming of the years. None would have thought, as he paced the poop-deck beside his seasoned second officer, that there was a difference of thirty years in their ages, even though Mr. Brown had one of those wrinkled, good-humored, quizzical faces that look the same at twenty as at fifty. Mr. Brown was thirty years old, the Captain sixty.

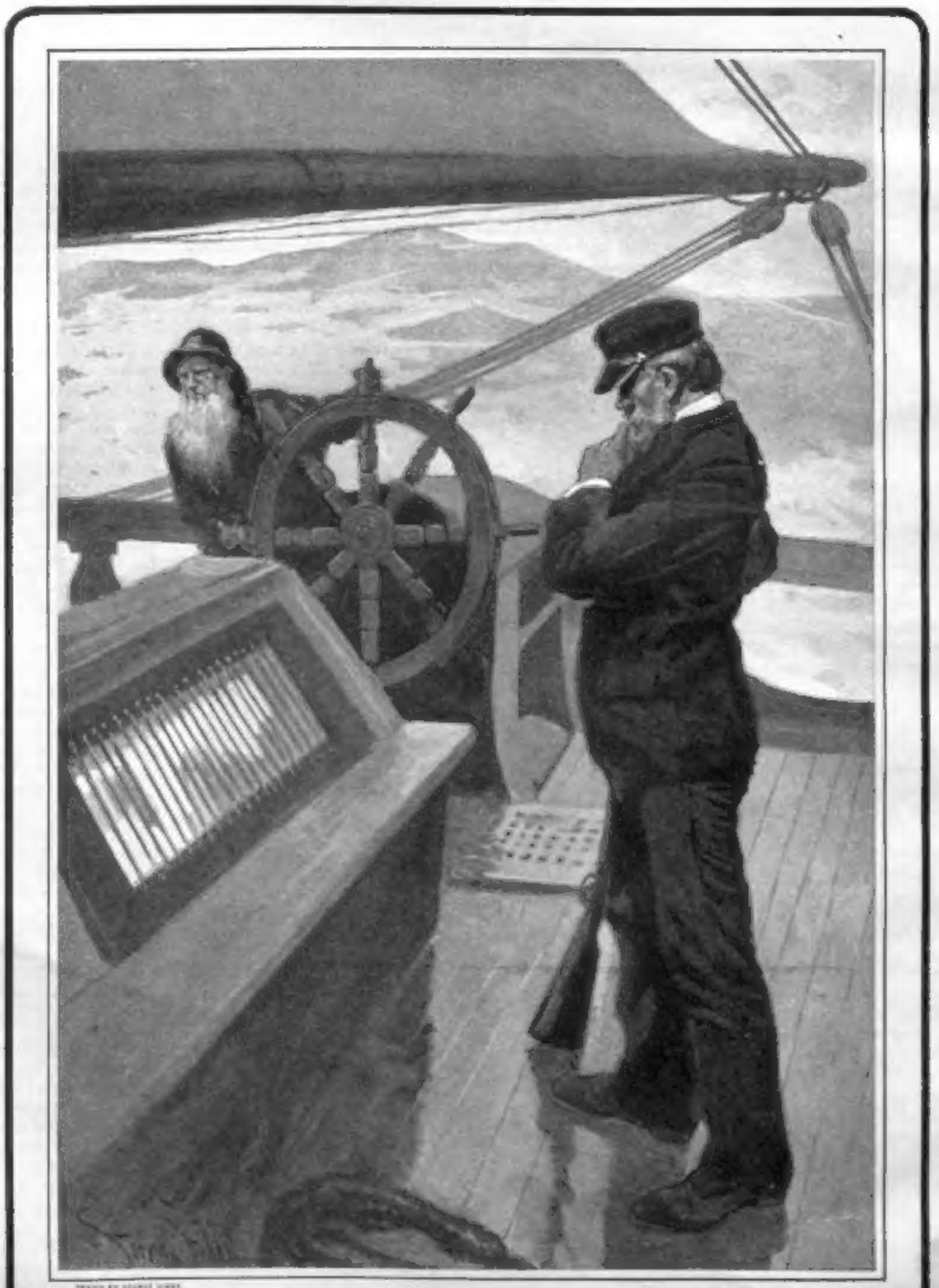
It was about four bells of the morning watch, and the Captain had risen early to observe the condition of his big ship after the first night out with an unproven crew, more than half of whom had been hoisted aboard drunk or drugged on the preceding evening, and less than half of whom might be sailors. For the new Seamen's Law reducing allotment of wages to one month's pay had just gone into effect, and coincident with its going into effect had come a strike of the sailors—or rather of the crimps who controlled them—to raise this one month's pay to an amount on which an honest crimp could do business—he being the favored creditor to whom the pay was allotted. On account of this strike Captain Jackson had dealt with a "scab" crimp, an outlawed wolf of the pack, who had delivered the goods as per contract, but had not guaranteed that they were sailors.

The slovenly condition of the sails and running gear was evidence to Captain Jackson that very few of the dozen men that had made sail through the night, and who now, under a "bosun," were wearily drying the wet deck forward, were seamen. Nothing was taut or in place, ropes were coiled up back-handed, or bunched together in heaps, and aloft to'gallantsails, royals and skysails were still on the yards. As Mr. Brown had just explained, the exasperated and exhausted first mate had given it up at four in the morning, going to his berth to rest until the others of the crew were sober, when some might be found fit to be trusted aloft.

"Have to thump any o' them?" asked the Captain.

"Some, sir," replied Mr. Brown. "Mr. Becker ran foul o' most of 'em, and—see that fat lobster at the wheel? Well, I jolted him in the first watch. Asked me what county I come from. Now, I'm all that's bad, but I'm not Irish. Yet he's the only sailor man I found among 'em."

Captain Jackson turned and looked at the helmsman. He was a man past middle life, with a round, smiling countenance and well-kept mustache. He was very short of stature, but of immense girth. He stood with legs far apart, and steered the ship with an easy twirling of the wheel that bespoke familiarity with the work, but he returned the Captain's stare with an assurance not easily acquired at sea.



"No—no—not for me," he muttered

"That man's no sailor," remarked the skipper; "he can't go aloft with that displacement."

"But he is, Captain. And he's the only man who did go aloft."

As the Captain studied the man's cheerful face the left eye in it closed in a deliberate wink.

"What!" roared the Captain, advancing. "What's that for?"

"What's what for?" answered the helmsman impudently as he shifted the wheel, after a glance at the compass.

"What?" again thundered the Captain. "That the way you speak to me? Hey? You say 'sir' when you answer me, or an officer. D'ye hear?"

"All right, sir. 'Sir' it is, sir," replied the unmoved sailor. "What can I do for you, sir?"

"You're a rare bird," said the astonished Captain, "but you've something to learn, I see. What'd you wink at me for?"

The little man looked the big man steadily in the eye and said, softly and slowly: "To make little boys ask questions."

Obviously no self-respecting master of a two-thousand-ton ship could brook this. Captain Jackson, red in the face and choking with rage, sprang toward him with fist clenched and drawn back to strike; but he halted as the intended victim raised his hand warningly and quietly said: "Don't strike a man at the wheel—don't you dare."

Shipboard etiquette, modified by the unseemly and quite unnecessary meddling of Underwriters, has long exempted the man at the wheel from anything harsher than verbal rebuke; and Captain Jackson remembered in time. He turned to the second mate, and said sharply: "Send another man to the wheel."

"But there's not another man on deck who can steer, Captain," said the officer.

"There's a whole draft o' good sailor men in their bunks, Cappen," volunteered the helmsman serenely. "Slept all night. Rouse 'em out."

Had the advice come from a legitimate quarter Captain Jackson might have followed it. As it was he glared at the man for a moment, then walked forward to the break of the poop, breathing hoarsely in the effort to contain himself. The second mate tarried long enough to say to the helmsman: "You're c'mittin' suicide. Keep your tongue quiet."

But the cheerful face expanded to a reassuring smile, and Mr. Brown followed the Captain, grinning in spite of himself.

"It beats me," sputtered the Captain; "beats anything I ever saw—no—one crowd—in the Almena ——" He paused, and the anger in his face gave way to an expression of moody meditation.

Benson

"The Almena!" said the second mate wonderingly; "were you aboard that ship, sir?"

"Yes, I was mate of her—thirty years ago. Mr. Becker, down below, was second mate; we've held together since—off and on."

"I was a baby at the time, sir, but I've heard of that voyage in every ship I've sailed in. How was it? They took charge, didn't they?"

"Yes—at Callao. They were schooner sailors from the Lakes, but we clubbed 'em into shape on the way out. Then they got our guns at Callao, and took the ship to sea with twelve visitors—skippers and mates—aboard. They nearly killed us—made us holystone the deck and eat fo'castle grub—and hammered the daylights out of us all."

"But what became of 'em?"

"Lord knows. Hung, maybe, long ago. They turned the visitors adrift in one of the boats and took the ship around to New York—how they did it I couldn't make out; but they navigated, somehow. Dismasted her off Hatteras, and the Harbor Police nabbed 'em at Quarantine. But that's the last heard of 'em. Got away from the police boat, somehow, on the way up the Bay. Oh, they were a whole Sunday-school."

"Didn't the Captain kill himself—or something?" asked Mr. Brown.

"No, poor devil, but might as well. Benson was a very sensitive man, and couldn't stand the ridicule. He wrecked his ship next voyage, and they say he wasn't quite himself. At any rate, he lost his grip after that. I had him mate one voyage after I got command, but he wouldn't let the stuff alone. It's twenty years since I heard of him; then he was second mate of a brigantine. No good at all."

"Funny—seems to me—that they should take the ship home, instead o' beachin' her as most mutineers do."

"Oh, they were a funny lot; thought they were within the law, merely asserting their rights as citizens; yet they were the worst outlaws that ever got together. And their nicknames fitted them. What d'you think of Seldom Helward for a name, and Big Pig Monahan, and Poop-Deck Cahill, and Sinful Peck? They were the leading spirits. Then there was Mocassey Gill, and Tosser Galvin, and Ghost O'Brien, and—I've most forgotten them all, but I'd remember if I heard. Oh, yes, I'd remember."

The second mate grinned again and glanced aft at the helmsman, whose lips were now pursed into a pucker, as though he were whistling softly as he steered.

"What would you do, Captain, if you found that same crowd in your forecastle?"

"Turn back and land 'em. Once is enough for me. But—no fear; they were young, and not long for this wicked world. By the way, did you search the men's dunnage?"

"No, sir, there wasn't time, and they were pretty dopy and helpless. We haven't even picked the watches."

"You took chances, nevertheless. Speak to Mr. Becker, and see to it if I forget to tell him. Get 'em out at one bell and take away all sheath-knives and whisky. There goes seven bells."

The man at the wheel had struck the bell, and while Mr. Brown stepped down the poop-ladder to call his superior the Captain walked aft to the wheel. A glance at the compass showed the ship directly on her course, and he looked into the helmsman's face, which had assumed an expression of respectful gravity.

"Captain," he said, "you must pardon the seeming flippancy and irreverence in my manner and tone just now. I assure you, sir, it was due solely to the exhilarating influence of the fresh morning air, not to any disrespect——"

"What!" gasped the Captain, amazed at the diction.

"I had no wish to embarrass or disconcert you, sir. And will you be kind enough, Captain, to take charge of this satchel for the voyage?" He reached under the wheel-box and produced a hand-bag of costly make and material which he extended toward the Captain. "It contains my valuables, and as there is a rough crowd forward I should like it cared for. I require no receipt."

"What the—— Who the devil are you? You're no sailor." Captain Jackson had mechanically taken the bag, noticing that the man's hand was soft and white as a clergyman's.

"An able seaman, sir," he answered proudly. "Put me through any test questions you like, sir."

"Box the compass."

"Yes, sir. Nothe, nothe and by east; nothe, nothe east; nothe——"

"That'll do. Which side does the maintopsail halyards lead down?"

"Starboard side, sir. Fore and mizzen to port."

"You're it, all right. What d'ye mean by giving me lip?"

"My happy disposition, sir. My mother used to say——"

"D—— what your mother said. I'll give you an unhappy disposition 'fore I'm through wi' you."

Captain Jackson, carrying the hand-bag, descended to his breakfast, and when eight bells sounded, half an hour later, reappeared with his first officer, both emerging by the forward cabin door and climbing the poop-steps to the lee alley. Here they paused, the Captain looking forward at the men flocking near the forecastle, Mr. Becker eying the man at the wheel with a disapproving stare which said plainly that he had just heard evil report of him. The helmsman did not wink, nor even return the stare. His mood may have changed, but there certainly was menace in the attitude of the mate (one long arm akimbo on his hip, the other supporting his chin as he leaned against the house), and in his scowling, sullen face, hairy almost to his eyes. He was no taller than was the helmsman, but there was no fat on his bones, and he made up for lack of height in breadth of shoulder and length of arm.

A gray-haired, decrepit and watery-eyed man was shambling aft, followed by Mr. Brown. He climbed the steps, lowered his head in a jerky salute as he passed the Captain and mate—who merely glanced at him—and went to the wheel. Here he received more attention. As Mr. Brown joined his superiors, remarking that the men forward were ugly, and that he had found trouble in getting one to relieve the wheel, the fat man, having relinquished the spokes to his successor and given him the course, was staring him in the eyes with a growing smile of delight. Then he clapped the aged wreck on his emaciated shoulders and said jovially: "Hello, Benson. And is it really you?—you, too!"

"G'wan out o' this," whined the old man, "an' lemme 'lone. Wh' are ye, annyhow?" But the fat man was proceeding forward along the alley, chuckling as he went.

"Thought so, Captain," remarked Mr. Becker, taking his elbow off the house and wheeling around. "That's Benson—old Captain Benson, o' the Almena. Don't you know him?"

"What!" exclaimed the Captain, looking aft at the new helmsman. "Yes—no, hardly—yes, it is! Sure enough. What a come-down!—here, though—wait."

The fat man was passing; the Captain collared him, shook him vigorously for a few moments, then, holding him at arm's length and marching him toward the steps, kicked him solidly and viciously while he squirmed and cursed; then, giving him a push and releasing him, he lifted him bodily, with a final kick, over the break of the poop and down clear of the steps to the main deck. The man was too fat to be badly hurt, but he bounded to his feet and looked up with his eyes blazing with anger.

"More'n one way to skin a cat," remarked the Captain calmly. "We don't often hit the man at the wheel, but we hit other men. Take yourself forrard now, and—no more o' your lip, or you'll wish yourself dead 'fore long."

"Will I?" snarled the victim. "Will I? Not much—not till I've had you in jail for a while. That goes down against you, Capt'n Jackson. D'you know the new law, you purblind fool? The Amendment to Section Forty-six-hundred-and-eleven of the Revised Statutes says that flogging and all other form of corporal punishment are hereby prohibited on board——"

He was interrupted. At a sign from the Captain the second mate had sprung off the poop, landing on his shoulders and throwing him to the deck; then began a sequence of punchings, chokings and cursings which did not end until the little fat man had been worried along the deck and hurled headlong among a group of the newly aroused men near the forward house. These received him with open arms—some of which arms terminated in fists—and, in a milder degree, continued the punishment. As the crew was not yet officially "turned to," and as this operation promised to require the moral influence of the combined afterguard, Mr. Brown dignifiedly turned his back on the dispute and hurried aft, finding the Captain and first mate interviewing the new helmsman, who, though his bloodless body shivered under its rags

— there certainly was menace in the attitude of the mate

in the keen March wind, yet stood erect with a dignity born of a better past, and looked his interlocutors squarely in the eyes.

"Yes, sir," he was saying as the second mate drew near; "it was that voyage that did the business for me. I never heard the last of it, and, one thing with another—bad luck and all—well, sir, here I am 'fore the mast."

Turkey Tunin

"Hadn't—ahem—a—hadn't whisky something to do with it?" inquired Captain Jackson, a little uneasily.

"Of course, Capt'n; but—you were mate, not skipper, and it may not have hit you so hard. But when every crew flings it at you, when boys in the street yell at you, when your own wife laughs at you, what will you do? You'll drink, sooner or later, sir. Yes, and Mr. Becker would drink. Any man would, sir." His voice had taken on the whining tone, and he dropped his glance to the compass card.

"Well, Benson—yes—well——" The Captain seemed somewhat embarrassed at thus addressing his old skipper—"Wait a few days; brace up, and get it out o' you, and I'll see if I can't use you aft."

"Thank ye, sir," said Benson, his watery eyes lighting; "and, say, Capt'n, I'm not an alarmist, but I was struck by the voice o' the man I relieved. He knew me, too, and do you know, sir, he reminded me o' Sinful Peck? 'Member him, sir?"

"Sinful Peck!—the little sawed-off chief devil o' them all! Why didn't I think! Of course—there's something familiar ——"

The Captain looked forward and saw the small fat man in the weather main rigging vociferating angrily to some one out of sight on the main deck beneath him, and the two bosuns and the cook coming hurriedly up the poop-steps, looking back as they came. Both bosuns carried belaying-pins, and the cook—a colored brother—was picking fragments of food from his hair and clothing. And, as though aware of coming trouble, diagnosed from the forward cabin door, the steward now appeared at the after-companion with three double-barreled shotguns and three belts of cartridges, while the carpenter, with a bleeding nose, followed the cook and bosuns up the steps. The Captain and two mates silently buckled on the belts handed by the steward, took a gun each, and mounting the house went forward to the monkey-rail, where they joined the three fugitives.

"Devil of a crowd, sir," said one of the bosuns; "can't do anything with them." Though not really disfigured he looked the worse for wear.

"An' I nebber see such men, sah," said the cook earnestly; "dey won't eat dey b'eakfas'. Dey frow all dat hash at me."

The carpenter, busy with his nose, made no comment.

Captain Jackson and his officers looked over the monkey-rail, on which they nonchalantly rested their guns, the muzzles slightly depressed. Clustered near the main hatch and looking aft curiously were the men who had been working forward—an unkempt and seedy muster of life's failures, the material from which the native American deep-water sailor is usually developed. Directly underneath, and looking up at the guns, the sight of which had evidently halted them, were thirteen scowling ragamuffins in all stages of disarray. A few wore greasy caps or slouch hats, the rest were bareheaded. Here and there a tightly buttoned canvas jacket masked a hiatus beneath. One man, dressed in a complete suit of washed-out oilskins, shivered palpably—but not in fear, as was evidenced by his red hair tinged with gray, his Roman nose, his bushy, arching eyebrows, and the threatening pose of his body, bent back and to the right with an iron belaying-pin extended at arm's length. Two men were in their stocking feet; one was without even stockings, and three others owned a boot apiece, not one a mate for any of the others. The clothing of all was greasy, tarry, patched and frazzled, most of it constructed from canvas and blankets, and not a garment among them fitting its wearer. One man, with trousers ending near his knees, was a giant as large as the Captain, and, aside from his gray hair and a cast in one eye, was a perfect model of virile manhood. Others were stoop-shouldered and bent, and a few were nearly as corpulent as the man in the main rigging. All were middle-aged or elderly men, and on each face was a common expression of intelligence, resentment and disgust.

Captain Jackson looked them over, and grew pale as he looked.

"Oh, you're up against the real thing now," sang out the man in the rigging. "You won't mistreat Captain Jackson and Mr. Becker. Not much—not while they've got guns, you pack o' wolves."

"Now, Sinful, shut up," called the big giant, "and Seldom"—this to the Roman-nosed man in oilskins—"just lower that belayin'-pin. We'll talk this over with the skipper 'fore we take action. What does this mean, anyhow, Jackson?" he said, looking up at the Captain.

"What does what mean?" answered the Captain slowly, ignoring the insolence in the use of his name without his title.

"Oh, you know us well enough. Why are we here, shanghaied in a bunch aboard your ship? Are you a party to it? Haven't you had enough o' this crowd?"

"Candidly, I have. I know you all, though two or three appear to be missing—in jail, I suppose. But you wouldn't have signed with me if I had been in the shipping office, and as for being a party to shanghaiing you, if such is the case,

why—well, I'd go to a hotter region for a crew first. What do you want?—to live in the cabin?"

"We want you to turn back and put us ashore," said the spokesman firmly. "We didn't sign your articles, and you've no earthly right——"

"Yes, they did, Capt'n," interrupted the man in the rigging. "Yesterday afternoon—they all signed. They were all drunk, but they signed. Get out your articles and you'll find their names, every one."

The Roman-nosed man whirled in his tracks and sent the belaying-pin flying toward him, but it missed and went overboard.

"I haven't seen the articles since they were returned to me," answered the Captain, "and I don't know who signed. I merely paid a shipping master for twenty-five men, and he signed and delivered them—mostly drunk. If you signed my articles I am within the law in compelling you to finish the voyage. Understand that."

"They all signed, Capt'n," yelled the fat man. "Get out the articles."

"Steward," said the Captain, turning to that functionary, who had joined them with more arms and ammunition, "bring up the ship's articles from my desk."

"Yes, sir." The steward handed two Winchester rifles and two revolvers to the carpenter, cook and two bosuns, and hastened below, while Captain Jackson beckoned his first mate to one side.

"It's them, all right," said the latter with doubt and anxiety in his face. "What's to be done, sir?"

The Captain looked him steadily in the eyes as though hoping to find there the answer to the embarrassing question.

"I hardly know," he said at last. "I haven't the slightest doubt that they were shanghaied, in spite of what Sinful says. That man would swear his own mother into jail. Let's see the articles."

The steward had arrived. The Captain took the folded paper from him and opened it on the monkey-rail.

"Come aft, here, all of you," he called to the group amidships, and this dozen of men slouched toward the others. "Stand over to one side by yourselves," he added as his eye ran down the list of names—and, when they had grouped themselves apart: "Answer to your names as I read them."

He read off twelve names distinctly, but not one was answered. All were commonplace names—some foreign, some English.

"Did you men," said the Captain, addressing the dozen, "sign in this ship for the voyage to Singapore and back?"

All protested that they had not. They were drunk on the day before; they had been promised work up the State; they were hungry and had been entertained; they had been struck down in the darkness. None had been told of going in a ship, and none desired to go.

"Now for the rest," said the Captain, interrupting the clamor of the dozen. "Sinful Peck."

"Here," joyously shouted the fat man.

"Big Pig Monahan."

"That's a name I haven't been called by for twenty years," said the giant spokesman. "What's it doing there? I didn't write it."

"Moccassey Gill."

"Reckon that's me," said the barefooted man.

"Seldom Helward."

The Roman-nosed man nodded as the Captain glanced down at him, then turned a menacing eye on Sinful in the rigging.

"Poop-Deck Cahill."

"Here," answered one of the shirtless men in a quiet, respectful voice. "And, Captain," he added, "I don't doubt we're all down on the articles; but will you please let us see the signatures? You'll find by testing our handwriting that we did not sign."

He climbed the poop-steps confidently, and then to the top of the cabin, holding out his hand for the sheet of paper, as though the request were from one gentleman of another. His manner was compelling and Captain Jackson yielded.

The man read in a loud voice: "Ghost O'Brien, Gunner Meagher, General Lannigan, Turkey Twain, Sorry Welch, Yampaw Gallegher, Jump Black and Shiner O'Toole."

"Captain," he said, handing back the articles, "those are our old nicknames, but every one is forged except the first—Sinful Peck. I know the handwriting of all."

"You're a liar, Poop-Deck," came from the main rigging.

A flush came to Poop-Deck's face, but a smile to the Captain's. It had begun as the last name was read, and possibly was aroused by the reading.

"Aren't there more of you?" he asked good-humoredly. "Seems to me you're not all here. Who were the others? I forget."

Poop-Deck thought a moment or two and said: "Senator Sands, and—let's see—Yorker Jimson. Doctor Sands is now a practising physician in one of the Lake cities and Mr. Jimson is a clergyman in another. That is why they are not here. We all live in Cleveland."

"And how many——"

The report of a gun interrupted, and they turned in time to see Mr. Becker stagger backward, both long arms extended, and his smoking shotgun slipping from his fingers—exploding the second barrel as it struck the deck—while the iron belaying-pin which had impacted on his forehead whirled high in air. A cry of pain rang out from the main rigging, angry and profane exclamations arose from the men on the main deck, and the two arbitrators sprang to the monkey-rail, where the others were threatening with their guns; but the descending iron belaying-pin struck Poop-Deck on the head, and he fell prone beside the unconscious first mate.

A very natural thing had happened. The irascible Seldom Helward, having expended his belaying-pin on Sinful Peck, had secured another from the pin-rail and resumed his position in the van. The equally irascible Mr. Becker had resented this display of antagonism to the extent of lowering his gun to a line with Seldom's head and scowling viciously. Then the iron club had flown, felling the officer; his trigger finger had contracted as he fell, and the charge, directed upward, had struck Sinful Peck in the rigging, and the second charge had flown harmlessly over the helmsman's head; but the first of the furious men to mount the poop-steps saw the prostrate Poop-Deck, and called out: "They've shot Cahill, too. Let's kill the murdering scoundrels and be done with it!"

"Back with you," roared the Captain. "Down off my poop. Don't you come up, or we'll shoot the last man of you. I am master here. Get down!"

Counting the extra barrels of the shotguns there were eight steel tubes looking at the closely packed crowd in the alley and on the steps. Slowly and sullenly they backed down, and when all were on deck Seldom asked, in a voice choking with rage: "Well, what d'you want to do? Kill us all?"

"No, but we *will* kill you all if you make a display of force against me or my officers. As sailors or passengers you are under my authority and it is lawful to shoot you and confine you in irons for mutiny. Thirty years ago we shot five of you for this very same thing, and the law still gives us the right. Who threw that belaying-pin at the mate?"

"I did," answered Seldom.

"Come up here."

"I won't!"

The eight tubes were pointed at Seldom, and those near him, involuntarily perhaps, shrank away.

"I'll count three," said the Captain. "One——"

"Oh, don't count," growled Seldom. "You've got the drop."

He ascended to the alley, and the able and efficient steward darted below and returned with handcuffs, which Mr. Brown secured on the mutineer's wrists. Then he led him aft to the lazarette and lashed him to the quarter-bit. When the officer returned Poop-Deck was standing up and feeling of his head in a dazed manner, the first mate was in a sitting posture, clumsily reloading his shotgun, and the Captain was ordering the wounded Sinful assisted down from the rigging. The men obeyed this order willingly, and the subdued Sinful was soon laid out in the scuppers.

"Now, Captain," said Big Pig Monahan, as he walked aft and looked up—"now that you've got Seldom in irons, suppose we ask again: What are you going to do?"

Captain Jackson made him no answer. He turned, leaving the four subordinates on guard at the monkey-rail, and joined his two mates.

"Get down on the main-deck," he said to Poop-Deck; and the man obeyed. "Now, Mr. Becker," he said to the mate, who had struggled to his feet, "there are two things to do: beat back to Sandy Hook—fifty miles at least—land them and ship a new crew at an expense of over a hundred dollars and half a week's lost time, or—go on with them and break them in. What do you say? They are certainly shanghaied, and have a right to be put ashore."

"I'm game, sir," said the mate thickly. "I'd like a little further experience with that feller that hit me."

"Mr. Brown, how do you feel? Are you willing to go out with this crew, and be ready to shoot for your life at a second's notice?—for they're not ordinary sailors. You've seen that."

"I will do as you direct, sir," answered the second mate. "And I can always get along with men who know their work."

"They know their work all right. That isn't it. I'm inclined to land them."

Captain Jackson stepped to the monkey-rail and looked over. Big Pig and Poop-Deck were conversing near the booby-hatch; their companions were clustered around the form of Sinful Peck, and the dozen shanghaied nondescripts were scattered along the starboard side of the deck from the poop-steps to the main rigging. He gave but a passing glance to these, and his eye returned to the men from Cleveland. In spite of their rags, and the after effects of drug and drink in their faces, there was yet an index of power, of confidence, of solidarity in their every attitude and gesture. There was a threat in every eye that returned his stare, and the Captain turned away, walking aft with doubt and uncertainty in his face. Then his glance rested on the wasted, trembling figure of the man at the wheel, and his face hardened.

"No—no—not for me," he muttered as he brought the stock of his gun with a thump to the deck. He stepped to the monkey-rail. "Come aft here, the lot of you," he called. They came.

"All I know, or care to know," he said to them, "is that you are on my articles and have begun the voyage to Singapore and back to an American port. You will finish the voyage, or you will go to jail in Singapore. Take your choice. Mr. Becker—Mr. Brown," he said, turning to his officers, "turn them to, get sail on this ship and clear up the decks. When you choose watches to-night, split that crowd in half."

"Aye, aye, sir," they answered.

(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK)

The New Congress—By William Allen White

Author of A Most Lamentable Comedy

THE opening of the American Congress is not an inspiriting spectacle. It is the climax of the cut-and-dried in American politics. Down in the township—the unit of political life from which "all blessings flow"—it has been decided by a count of noses that the same old crowd of fellows will go to the county convention, and although gentlemen present may make some show of inadvertence in choosing the delegates, the same fellows always go up to the county-seat who have gone since the memory runneth not to the contrary. At the county convention these delegates meet other delegates, and the convention chooses about the same old crowd to go to the Congressional convention that has been going since the War, and in the Congressional convention the delegates find their old friends, who have all come up from other county conventions, where in each of which there was a merry roar when the convention adjourned fifteen minutes to give the chairman time to appoint his committees that every soul in the house knew the chairman had in his inside coat pocket. So at the Congressional district convention the crowd laughs at the cut-and-dried, but respects it—which is the American way of treating tradition—and the convention creaks its mechanical way along the course of business and names one of its own men as a candidate for Congress. This man has had the cut-and-dried ground into his soul. When he goes into the Lower House of Congress he is prepared to kotow to the rules, to speak only when he is spoken to, and to regard as a sacred thing the little white slips of paper containing resolutions, which the Speaker sends out to members before he recognizes them in the organization of the House. A Member of Congress would think of walking stark naked down Pennsylvania Avenue before he would think of offering a resolution at the opening of Congress unless he had a little white slip of authority from the Speaker. In the Senate, which is a continuous body, the opening day is like the moment in life when one wakes up from a nap. It is drowsy and uncertain and slow. Therefore, when the American Congress opened this year the machinery squeaked and groaned and rumbled getting started, and there was nothing dramatic in the occasion, nothing to indicate that it would not be an ordinary humdrum Congress for us to sneer at while it is in session and forget when it adjourns.

Roosevelt—the Question Before Congress

The men in this Congress look about as Congressmen have looked for a quarter of a century. The members of the Lower House appear somewhat cleaner and more businesslike, and more natty in attire and mien than Congressmen did in the days of the Credit Mobilier and the Whisky Rings, and the few Senators who are palpably dishonest look somewhat more conscious of their discreditable standing—but on the whole the Congress seems much like a county political convention with white shirts on, and not unlike a meeting of the Bar Association or the Bankers' Convention, or a meeting of the Presbytery or the General Conference. It is just plain, wholesome, representative American stock, as honest and as intelligent as the people whose taxes support it.

The above description is set down here because it should be known and understood in advance when an important and unusual thing happens in this American Congress—as it may at any time—that it is not the exceptional character and high or low quality of the men in Congress which mold great or mean events, but American tendencies and the current and drift of things in the country. Whatever the Congress does it will do as an American body, representing the average courage, intelligence and honesty of the people.

Before the Congress had been alive a day it found its soul—the mob-spirit which rises over all masses of men engaged in a common employment. The soul of the present Congress was a question mark—pointed at the man in the White House. That attitude still remains the soul of Congress. The question, What sort of a man is Roosevelt? may be clear here and there to men of exceptional intelligence in the Congress, or to former friends and associates, but to the soul of Congress the problem will be a hard one, and not soon mastered. For Roosevelt puts into the minutiæ of his daily life a moral sense and a moral courage rather above the American average. This sense and courage form a plane of conduct to which the soul of Congress will have to rise "through many a conflict, many a doubt." But when it does rise—and the rise is certain, for Roosevelt is iron, and will compel it—the American national political ideal will be higher to an astonishing degree.

But now the smoke in the cloak-rooms of Congress is agitated chiefly over the patronage. Theoretically a Congress meets to make laws. Laws, however, are mere incidents of Congressional life. The great interest of a Congress is the patronage—the installment into offices of ladies and gentlemen who, or whose friends, have helped to see that the members of the same old crowd which attended the township caucus were "right," and that the crowd which attended the county convention was "right," and that the same old outfit which went to the Congressional convention was "right." Patronage is the coal that furnishes the fire that makes the steam that runs the Ship of State.

Congress could go back to the people for vindication at any time without making a single law. But if Congress should try to go back to the people without furnishing the patriots with office there would be revolution. There are, of course,

Congressmen who give more time to the study of State questions than to the distribution of offices. But these are marked men—apart from their fellows—men of distinction and often of national reputation. But the average Congressman, who returns to Congress more than once, is the man who "gets things." Therefore the magnitude of the inquiry which is directed at Roosevelt—not at the President, but at this new manner of man—may be imagined when it is announced that he is revolutionizing the system of awarding patronage.

Roosevelt's Reform in Patronage

Briefly the reform is this: Heretofore offices have been given to the faithful; now they must go to the useful. And moral cleanliness is to be accounted the first requisite of usefulness! Heretofore the Senators and Congressmen to whom in the regular course of things the patronage fell as a perquisite of office were the judges of a candidate's moral worth and usefulness. They took what was called the "responsibility" when a particularly vicious appointment was made—and hundreds have been made in the last twenty-five years. To-day, the President himself takes the responsibility. And when he takes it in name he will take it in fact. Already President Roosevelt has flatly refused to name a New Yorker recommended by Senator Platt, and a Pennsylvanian indorsed by both Quay and Penrose, an Ohioan backed by Senator Hanna in Ohio, and other men indorsed by smaller fry Senators and Congressmen without number. The men denied appointment were good Republicans; their party services were undeniably great. They had earned reward. But they were not men of a capacity and moral standard up to the Rooseveltian requirements. So the Senators had to name other men. In no case has the President taken—nor will he take—men not suggested by the properly accredited Senators and Congressmen. The Senators and Congressmen name the candidates always—even after a disagreement over the first man named. But, on the other hand, those men must come up to Roosevelt's requirements.

This means a mighty uplift in the American political level. Roosevelt's attitude is an advertisement to men who have done crooked things in business, around caucuses or primaries or conventions, or about legislatures, that if they allow their names to come up for any Federal appointment their enemies, whether they are in Congress or out, can keep them out of office, and disgrace them in defeat by proving their misdeeds.

A Fierce Quarrel with Congress Possible

For instance, if a Congressman owes his election to a man who fixed a convention by money or by any illegal means, or to a ballot-box stuffer, or if a Senator owes his election to a man who brought in a bunch of legislators that he controlled in fee simple, the Senator or the Congressman cannot reward his friend with a Federal job. Under the Roosevelt administration only the clean men in politics will be rewarded. And as for the unclean men, the fixers and boodlers and corruptionists, there being no reward in sight for them without scandal—they will get out of politics into something that pays better. No other force for decent politics in this generation has been more powerful in American life than this new rule of Roosevelt's. It is not a day-dream; it is not impractical. The thing will work. And it will work for good. It may take six months or a year or two years for Congressmen to get this Rooseveltian idea through their heads. It even may brew the most enthusiastic row that has frothed up in the Republican party since the War—and many disgruntled Congressmen say it will—but when the idea once becomes fixed, when a new set of Congressmen have been elected under the new order, the country will look back at the old order, under which a public office was given to a man for unclean party service, with astonishment and disgust almost as profound as that with which modern Americans look back at the witch-burning of Salem.

But if the quarrel comes between the President and the Congress over this question of the patronage—disguised as of course it will be under opposition to some administration measure, like the Canal Treaty, or a Cuban tariff bill, or a trust bill, what then? Who would surrender? Would Roosevelt or the Congress win?

To answer those questions it is necessary to know something of Roosevelt—of the things that are essential to him, of his temperament. Roosevelt is essentially righteous, and by nature he is a fighter. There is no "give" to him. He is a man on whom no one has a "pull." It is said—and this may be apocryphal—that Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland, three personal friends, and the National Republican Administration recently united to get him to make a minor appointment in Missouri politics. The impact didn't even stir him. He turned all down. Now, if a fight comes up over the Canal Treaty, in such a way that it becomes evident that the unrighteous use of a little patronage can pass the bill, Roosevelt, whose heart may be set on the canal as the monument of his administration, will let the bill go to defeat for righteousness' sake. It is not essential to Roosevelt's happiness to pass the Canal bill; but it is essential to his happiness to know that so far as he could make every appointment under his administration clean it is clean. He would regard the influence of integrity in a stand like this as distinctly more important to this country than an Isthmian canal bought into law by the appointment of one fourth-class postmaster with a corrupt record. He regards ends first, not means. He uses the party machine always in administrating public affairs. He is sincerely a machine politician. But he cleans the machine where his hands touch it before he uses it. He believes it is better to have a clean machine a little weak for a time than a strong machine dirty. The Congress of the United States does not believe this. The Congress will have to come to this belief before the end of this session, if the Congress gets on with Roosevelt. And when the tug comes—when he and Congress settle down to fight it out—he will not surrender. But when he shows his teeth to a Senator, and that Senator defies Roosevelt, the Senator may just as well make up his mind that so far as the patronage of his State goes, the matter will be referred to the Congressmen from the State who are decent, and that he may as well vote with the Democrats as with the Republicans. No man will have the opportunity to fool Roosevelt twice. The man who votes against Roosevelt in the Congress to push him from his position on the patronage need never ask quarter. Not that the new President carries grudges—but he doesn't believe in the death-bed repentance of the unrighteous. The case of ex-Governor Jenkins, of Oklahoma, indicates very clearly that Roosevelt is not liable to err by making a mushy blow when he strikes. He will hit hard and for a fatal spot. Yet Roosevelt will use science. He will not jab wildly, leaving his guards open. He will not offend where he can help it nor hesitate to do that which will give offense when he must. But he will capitalize his offenses and make them count for good as horrible examples. The exalting influence of the Jenkins case was inestimable.

The President's Curiously Fortunate Position

In this conflict—if it comes to that—Roosevelt enters under singularly fortunate circumstances. He has no ante-convention pledges to redeem. For one thing, Roosevelt owes the Republican organization in the South absolutely nothing. He is paying about what he owes and nothing more. Southerners who get office now get it on their merits as citizens. If there happen to be worthy, capable Republicans in a community where a Federal officer is needed—well and good. A Republican gets the office. If not—a Democrat is appointed. It is one of the miracles that in this first contest for sheer civic righteousness in the greater United States, the man who comes forward to make the contest comes not through a Presidential campaign, wherein there might be some obligation of gratitude to a doubtful man; but that the champion of decency comes entirely unhampered, as free as he is bold.

This Rooseveltism is taking the country back to the principles of the Fathers of the Republic. There was less expediency then than has crept into the administration of the Government since. The Government has been growing more commercial—less moral. But now the common-sense thing to do and the common morality of a situation are coming together for the first time since the early Presidents left the White House. While the Congressmen are going to the Roosevelt kindergarten, learning civic morality as it relates to the patronage, they will also learn another important thing, that Roosevelt's fights for legislation will be made on moral not on commercial grounds. He will compromise on a proposition which has only dollars and cents in it—a tariff measure, for instance, affecting a few American interests—but he will bow his neck and fight for a moral question, and not give an inch. Take the Cuban tariff, for example. America has so tied up the Cubans that they have no outlet for many of their important products except in this country. Common-sense and common morality converge in the proposition that the tariff arrangements between this country and Cuba should be such that Cuban products shall find a market here even though all the sugar trusts and steel trusts and tobacco trusts in the country set up their lamentations before the door of Congress. If Roosevelt takes the Cuban side in this contest the party machine, and the Republican majorities in both houses of Congress, may array themselves against the President. The spectacle will only give the Congress a view of Roosevelt's teeth. He will ignore party leaders, appeal to the people, shut off the patronage, and in the end win. Every President who ever fought the Congress—particularly the Senate—if he was firm and if he was honest, won.

Much for Party, but More for the People

In the case of Roosevelt he is doubly armed. For the people are with him. There is no division of sentiment among the people to-day on the great questions pending. Roosevelt stands for the popular opinion. In a sheer moral question the people may be depended upon to support the moral side, especially when it is put as cleverly and boldly as Roosevelt knows how to put it. And with the people behind him any executive—Municipal, State or National—can whip any legislature. This political precept it is important for legislatures to remember when they are counting up the campaign contributions of the trusts and large manufacturing corporations that are pushing measures through the party caucus. Now, Roosevelt is an intensely partisan man. Yet he is a partisan only because he is thoroughly convinced that his party offers him the most effective weapon with which to serve his country. He would serve his country before he would his party without a moment's hesitation, if the issue were raised in that way. With him party expediency must always be national righteousness.

And yet Roosevelt is not so cocksure as his firmness would make him appear. When he goes into a new subject he walks on eggs. His message, which reads off so vigorously, in the genesis was not Roosevelt's message. He sent out for information. He didn't write the message up "out of his head." There are some of a Western railroad magnate's ideas in it, and a suggestion from a steel trust originator in it, and some of a national labor leader's wisdom in it, and some of a great naval hero's ideas in it, a thought from an influential editor, a turn of a phrase from a magazine writer in it, a line of thought suggested by a renowned college president, and an economic principle laid down by a college professor, and a currency scheme evolved after talking with a successful Wall Street man. Yet the essence of the message is Rooseveltian, cosmopolitan, American. These qualities will show in the man and his policy. His administration will not be provincial nor personal, nor in a narrow sense partisan. It will come from all the people—not as a raw popular impulse, which is more often wrong than right, but as a popular impulse digested in a sober judgment by a sane mind.

The great danger in this new deal in American politics lies not in the strength nor the weakness of the Congress, but in the fickleness of the people. Roosevelt will make mistakes. The people, who look upon him as infallible, are not prepared for a grave error that will come as certainly as the sunrise. Roosevelt's very humanness makes error inevitable. When he does make a bad appointment—a glaringly, unaccountably bad appointment—or falls into some unexpected mistake, if the people wantonly desert him, being tired of hearing Aristides called the Just, they will leave him for a time at the mercy of the enemies of good government.

The vital, necessary thing in the coming two years is for the people to keep their heads about Roosevelt—not to smother him and blind his judgment with adulation, nor to stone him when he stumbles. If the new deal wins it will be because the people, in a perfectly calm, good-natured way, consider the dealer as a brother who may make a few slips and a few blunders, but who is trying his best to play a clean, square, keen game. It was Dan Quin's "old cattle-man" who found these letters whittled in the rude sandstone over the cowboy's grave in the desert:

"He Done His Damnedest—Angles Could do No More!"

Uncle Sam's Plant-Hunters

THREE men there are in Uncle Sam's employ who may be said to have an occupation altogether delightful. Their names are Carleton, Fairchild and Swingle, and they are down on the Government pay-roll as "agricultural explorers."

These men are highly skilled botanists, with special knowledge of plants that have economic value, and it is their business to trot all over the world looking about them for new vegetables, desirable cereals, or whatever else may be deemed worth transplanting from foreign parts to the United States. No locality is too far off for them to visit in pursuit of a plant that is wanted, and, at the bidding of the Secretary of Agriculture, they must be ready at any time to start on errands that will carry them to the most remote regions.

"We employ these agricultural explorers to hunt for things that we need," said Secretary James Wilson. "There are ever so many plants not native to this country which we must have. Nearly all of our grains, our grasses and our legumes are imported from foreign lands; and the same thing may be said of most of our fruits and vegetables. So we send experts abroad to obtain the plants which other peoples have been working with and improving for centuries.

"For example, we wanted a kind of grass that would be suitable for our dry ranges in the West, and we sent a man to the steppes of Russia to get it. We required a leguminous plant, an alfalfa, that would stand the winters of the extreme North in this country, and we sent to Turkestan for it. We needed the finest varieties of date palms for Arizona, and we sent three hundred miles across the desert of Tripoli for them.

How Foreign Plants are "Naturalized"

"While engaged upon a special quest our explorers keep an eye open all the time for anything valuable that may turn up. In this way Mr. Swingle, while looking for date palms, found in the neighborhood of the Tripoli desert some grasses that were particularly suitable to our semi-arid country. It is worth mentioning incidentally that there is now on the way, coming over, a clover from Egypt that we think will be an important acquisition in our Southern States.

"We wanted an early hop to lengthen the picking season, and we got it in Bohemia, after trying for it twice. The people who promised to furnish it broke their contract the first time. You see, in foreign parts they do not want us to get hold of these valuable plants, fearing as they do our competition. Nevertheless, the Jordan almond, which grows in southeastern Spain, has been obtained recently for the first time, for California and the hot valleys of the Rocky Mountain region.

"We wanted the best macaroni wheats in this country, so that we could go ahead and make our own macaroni, instead of buying it abroad as we do now, 15,000,000 pounds of it per annum. We have got everything we ever sent after, indeed, except certain valuable varieties of peaches. The original home of the peach is in the neighborhood of the headwaters of the Yang-tse-Kiang, among the Quen-lung Mountains. Our explorer went there, and would have succeeded in his errand, but the Boxer movement had gained headway, and thus he was prevented for the time being.

"Many of the things we get in such ways we plant under our own eye, on the experimental farm at Arlington, or on the near-by islands in the Potomac. To the various agricultural experiment stations, in different parts of the country, we send plants that are suitable to their respective localities. The most difficult problem up to now has been to find suitable forage plants, which we need badly in the United States. In all of our country at the present time we have hardly a first-rate pasture.

"We have the Philippines to look out for as well as our own immediate territory, and we are trying to see what we can do in the way of furnishing that archipelago with useful plants. Our War Department has been sending hay from the United States to Luzon to feed 13,000 horses and mules. Why? Simply because they have no proper forage over there. Get the right forage plants, sow them in the Philippines, and we shall not need to ship any more hay. It is the same way with plenty of other things. Certain definite wants present themselves in the Philippines, and it is our business to supply them. We are trying our best to do so, but as yet we have not had time to do more than make a beginning."

THE WEDGE—By Henry K. Webster

Joint Author, with Samuel Merwin, of Calumet "K"

AT MORE or less regular intervals during the past week young Carpenter had been heaving long breaths of relief and telling himself that now he was as comfortable and free from care as it was possible to be. Once was when he wrote the last page of the last examination of the second semester, junior year, and he was confident that none of the diabolical mathematical tortures which they inflict periodically on prospective mechanical engineers had been too much for him. He drew another when he got a letter from "Old Bones," who was one of the three greatest halfbacks that ever bucked a line, saying that he found he could be on for a few weeks in the fall to help coach the football team.

He took another when he had settled down luxuriously in the Limited and it leisurely started off toward home, and another when he and the "Governor," quite by themselves, for the rest of the family were already off for the summer, sat down to dinner. He meant to go somewhere himself in a day or two, but that made the present all the pleasanter. Home, and especially dinner, seemed to have taken on an unwonted Capuan magnificence—though he knew nothing was changed. Perhaps it was because he had for the past three months been eating at John's—on account of the steak—where you are provided with a bare marble-topped table and a paper napkin.

The climax came when the "Governor" offered him a cigar, which also is the beginning of our story. It was not the cigar itself that was significant. It was, in fact, inferior to some that were at that moment in young Carpenter's pocket. Nor was it merely that this was the first official license that the youngster's indulgence in the habit had received. No; when he tilted back a little in his chair and critically inhaled the first puff through his nose, the real felicity lay in the fact that here were his father and himself smoking at each other as man to man; there was a sort of admission of equality about it. He began looking at life as the real thing, and the pleasant high seriousness which possessed his soul dwarfed all other matters—even football.

Just then old Mr. Hooper was announced. He was an old family friend, and, as the young man expected, he began as soon as he came into the dining-room to assume an old friend's privilege, making remarks about a chip off the old block, and speculating how old he was and how tall and how much he weighed. To which the young man coldly and briefly replied that he would be twenty-one in September, that he weighed, stripped, one hundred and ninety-three pounds, and measured five feet eleven and a half inches. Then the Governor saved the situation by asking the visitor how the strike in his foundry was coming out.

"Like most strikes. There's nothing really doing except that the rest of our plant is almost tied up and we're getting pretty mad, and the strikers are drinking whisky on an empty stomach and they're getting pretty mad, so I suppose something will happen before long. We've imported about twenty-five molders from Cleveland—expect 'em to get here to-morrow—but I really don't think they'll accomplish much."

"What do you think of the merits of the case, anyway?" This from the Governor.

"Why, I think we're in the right, mainly. In most of the strikes we've had lately I've had hard work to decide which were the biggest fools, our association or the strikers, but this time we've got the right of it. Their own national association says so. This local lodge has struck in defiance of the general officers. That's another thing that makes the feeling so high."

"Why did you say that these imported fellows weren't likely to accomplish anything?" asked young Carpenter.

"Oh, they're only half competent to begin with. And then the cry of 'Scab' reaches any workman in a tender place. They'll probably all go over to the strikers in a few days. Those who don't go voluntarily will be scared into it. If we could hold 'em all for two weeks we'd break the strike."

There were a few minutes of silence; then the Governor said to his son: "You're a molder, aren't you?"

"What's that!" exclaimed Hooper. "Oh, yes—at college. They include that in the engineer's course now, do they?"

There was a suspicion of levity about the query that young Carpenter didn't like. "Yes," he answered. Then, with a little flourish of the technicality: "I can set up anything in green sand, I think. I don't know so much about cores."

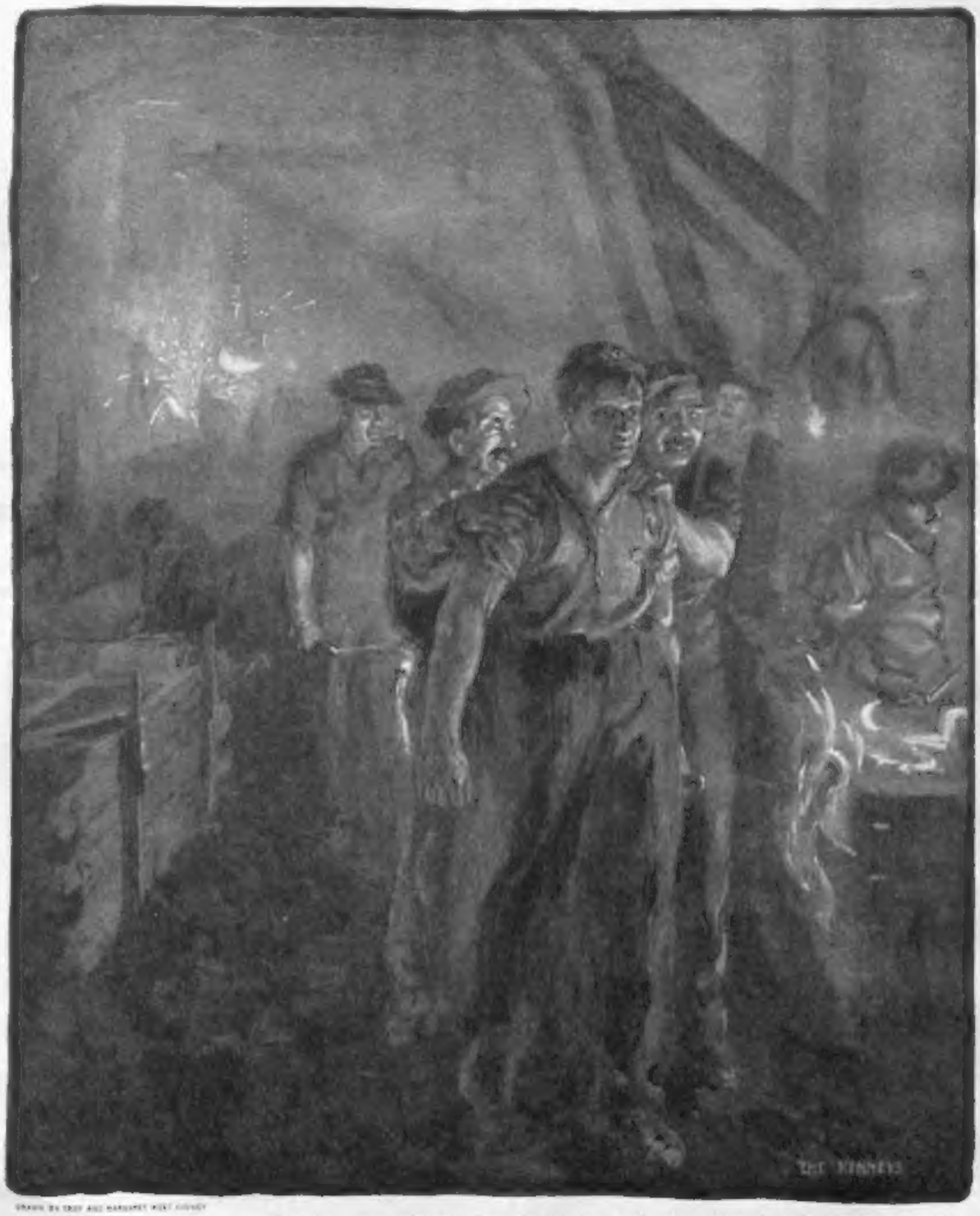
"How would you like a job?"

It would have been easy enough to explain that he had other engagements for the summer if the bare idea of his doing any real work hadn't seemed to amuse Hooper. He seemed to regard college foundries and machine shops as mere make-believe, as a sort of exaggerated toy houses. So for the honor of Alma Mater young Carpenter said coolly:

"I don't know. How much is it worth?"

"With the bonus, four dollars and sixty-five cents a day."

Hooper paused, a trace of his quizzical smile still on his lips. Then he said: "This is all nonsense we're talking. It isn't the kind of work for you. It's bad enough in itself, and with a strike on there's an element of real danger in it."



They felt of his strength cautiously at first, but when they found he could take the whole load they let him do it

"I'll take the job," said young Carpenter.

So a little before seven o'clock next morning, dressed very vilely, according to his notions, with a suit of overalls, his lunch and a bath sponge and towel in a bag, he turned the last corner and saw the iron-gated entrance to the factory ahead of him. He had been only half awake up to that instant and thoroughly disgusted that he had been landed so easily. But for the next few minutes muscles and nerves were agreeably tense, and he was as happy as if he had just stripped off his sweater and the referee's whistle were about to blow.

For about the gate a crowd of perhaps fifty men were humming like a nest of hornets. The strike breakers from Cleveland had apparently gone in just ahead of him. As he pushed through the crowd he heard that much and more to the effect that they would wish themselves back in Cleveland before another morning. He made his way to the office door, just beside the gate, for it was shut, and let himself in. He was disgusted again. The strikers had offered him no violence. They had almost made way for him.

At half-past nine young Carpenter inquired what time it was, and was disposed to think that the foreman who answered had lied to him. It seemed that it must be noon. He had forgotten that there was a strike in progress. He had forgotten everything except that he was intensely bored. A large part of a molder's work consists in tamping green sand, which is a dampish kind of black dirt, into a flask, which is a big, square, wooden box. There was nothing to relieve the monotony. The Cleveland men would have nothing to say to him, but eyed him suspiciously and kept their own talk from his ears. He could see, however, that they were not working very enthusiastically, and he recalled Hooper's observation that if they could be held solidly to their work for two weeks it would break the strike. There wasn't much chance of it.

At last, after Carpenter had quit listening for it, convinced that every clock and watch on the place must have stopped, the noon whistle blew. He ate his lunch in somewhat less than ten minutes, reflecting mournfully on the lack of success with which the housekeeper had gauged his appetite; then he lighted his pipe.

The foreman happened by as he was sitting there, nodded kindly at him, and, after a moment's hesitation, sat down on the flask beside him and began to talk. It was mostly questions, frankly but not offensively curious, but along with them an occasional observation flavored with salty wit. Carpenter began to like the man and to answer the questions. Presently he asked one himself:

"What do you think of the crowd you've got here to-day?"

The foreman took a little while to reply. "Bar yourself, they're the worst I ever saw," he said. "They'd be well enough if they weren't so afraid of straining themselves. I don't blame them for not being what you'd call keen after work, though. They haven't a real cheerful prospect. Did you see the crowd at the gate this noon?"

"Strikers?" asked young Carpenter, brightening up.

"More'n a hundred of 'em. And they came just on the chance that one of these chaps might stroll out to get a beer. Wait till you see the crowd to-night."

"They're after us, are they?" the young man asked cheerfully.

"Oh, they won't touch you," said the foreman.

We are so accustomed to talking about the "ten-hour day" as a sort of abstract principle which causes strikes, a divine right of employers which has some essential verity about it, that few of us think of it as a reality at all. Young Carpenter was realizing it for the first time. Along about two o'clock, while he was pounding sand and trying to make himself believe that his getting up at five o'clock and breakfasting at a quarter before six had really been that day and not a week ago, he began really to comprehend the ten-hour day. And when it occurred to him that almost all workingmen follow this program six days in the week and fifty-two weeks in the year for the greater part of their lives, the thought fairly benumbed him.

However, the afternoon was going better than the morning. It was the downhill side of the day. The pulley-mold he was making was nearing completion, and the roar of the cupola, where iron was bubbling like water in a teakettle, had a hint of the end of the day in it.

At last pouring time came. The men gathered around the big spout at the bottom of the furnace. A huge caldron hung beneath it upon an axle, so that, by means of a crane, it could be tilted. Another caldron hung below, of a size calculated for human beings; it could be tilted by hand. All about on the floor were ladles, some like ordinary soup ladles, only with a handle five feet long and a bowl big enough to put your head in; others with horizontal handles, affording a hold for four men; three of them walked in front

and one behind, the latter having the longer handle and consequently the lighter end of the load.

At last the pouring began. The foundry was nearly dark. The spout where the men were gathered projected out of a wall of blackened masonry that extended clear to the roof. At a word, some one with a rod sprang up and smote the wall just above where the spout could be guessed at in the dark, and out burst the river. White, incandescent, blinding, it brought out every line on the heavy, blackened faces that were gathered around it. It spattered drops of fire on everything, on the men themselves, but they merely shook them off and blinked at the blazing caldron, where the intolerable brightness, for it seemed no more substantial than that, was rising to the brim.

Then after various pourings and checkings the men began filling their ladles and carrying them away into the murk, like planets with eccentric orbits, always going away from the sun, never coming back, their light throwing up distorted, diabolical silhouettes of the men who were struggling under them. The air grew thicker and blacker with smoke and steam from the burnt sand and feebly blazing flasks, and the continuous clamor made up of the shouts of men and the creaking of cranes, with the roar of the cupola for an undertone, was punctuated by blanketed explosions.

That is the outsider's description of it. To young Carpenter it was all as commonplace as sunsets out on the athletic field. He might have paid some attention to either if he hadn't been busy. He was the middle man on the front of one of the ladles. The fellow behind, being all alone, did his work with more or less groaning and grumbling, to be sure; he couldn't help himself. But Carpenter's two mates soldiered outrageously. They felt of his strength cautiously at first, but when they found he could take the whole load they let him do it. He strained and sweated away in silence for a while, but after the second trip, when they were going back with the empty ladle, he said:

"Look here. I can carry this alone, but if I'm to do it I don't want you fellows alongside making the grand bluff. If you ain't going to lift you'd better step outside."

They did not know just what to make of it. One of them half-heartedly muttered something about going to ——, but Carpenter's tone, though quite serious, was so good-natured that it was not easy to take offense at it. So in the end they laughed sheepishly, and after that they carried like a traveling crane until the fire was dumped and the day's work ended.

Young Carpenter was as tired and wet and dirty as ever he was at the end of the second half of a championship game, and what he thought of was what he always thought of on those occasions—a bath. Hooper & Co. were more progressive than some of their competitors, and adjoining the foundry was a large and fairly clean lavatory where there was plenty of cold water and a good opportunity for sloshing it around. After the first five minutes he had the place to himself, and he made the most of it, splashing and rubbing, and at last dressing in clean, cool clothes again.

Then he went out into the factory yard, and to his surprise found himself in a crowd. They were employees in other departments. Out away from them, huddled in a little knot by themselves, were his fellow-molders. For the first time since the middle of the afternoon he thought of the strike.

The entrance to the yard was at the end of a long alley formed by two buildings. He had to turn the corner of one of them to see it. The street was black with men, yelling, throwing an occasional brick by way of pleasantry, waiting for the twenty-five devoted molders from Cleveland. He walked forward to get a better view.

Then he went back to the molders. They were just as he had left them, only a bit more uneasy. One of his crew on the ladle spoke to him. "We thought you was goin' out through the office door," he said.

"Oh, no," said young Carpenter cheerfully. "We'll all go out together. You're going out, aren't you?"

"We can't stay here," said one, and the others echoed him, and, hesitatingly, they straggled over toward the corner of the alley.

"Hold on," said the football player. "They'll eat you up if you go out that way."

"Now look here," he went on as they gathered around him. "We can go through those muckers before they know what's struck 'em. Eleven fellows that I know rushed a bigger crowd than that where the whole town tried to mob us after the Chichester game. The flying wedge ain't according to rules, but there won't be any umpire at this match."

To most of them the speech was unintelligible, but they all caught something of his spirit of confidence as a half-drowned man catches a rope. "The whole trick is," he went on, "to get as close together as we can and then go out like ——. We'll practice a couple of starts in here."

No football player ever captained a team just like that before. Their aggregate weight was about two and a half tons. They were as clumsy as oxen, as shy as schoolboys, but to young Carpenter's relief they caught on rather quickly. He placed them in a sort of improvised "wedge," put himself at the head or apex of it, and after three trials he pronounced them ready.

Then a piece of strategy occurred to him. "Tell those watchmen down there to open the gate, will you?" he called to some laborers standing near the corner of the alley. "Now then," he said to his flying wedge, "don't try to run too fast. Keep on your legs and hold together."

The strikers had all along professed themselves willing to batter down the gate for a very small consideration. When it was opened they started in cautiously—for it is always well to be cautious—until it occurred to some of them that this was probably just what their wily enemies expected them to do. So some of them yelled "Get back!" and they all swore and stood about irresolute.

And then was heard a sort of cheer back behind the buildings in the yard—that was from the spectators—and then a wild Irish yell from the wedge itself as it turned the corner, and then they came down the alley, those twenty-five molders from Cleveland with Beecher Newton Carpenter, Jr., '02, at the head, locked into one body as strongly as brawny arms could lock them, a human locomotive that weighed five thousand pounds and had momentum enough to stave in the side of a building.

Those strikers who were huddled in the throat of the alley decided that the open was the place to meet the scabs, not a cramped little hole like this, so they turned and struggled desperately to crowd their way out. The outskirts of the mob, on the contrary, drew up closer. In short, those in the crowd who might easily have run away wanted to see what was about to happen, while those in the best possible position to see were anxious to get away.

At that climacteric instant young Carpenter's flying wedge struck. Old Mr. Hooper declares that he felt the thud in his private office on the third floor, but this may be doubted, for the old gentleman was visibly excited. At all events the effect of the blow upon the mob was precisely that of a smart tap of a hammer on the point of an incandescent electric-light bulb. There is a report and no more bulb.

The mob was shattered; and the flying wedge, at first viciously excited and perhaps dangerous to the innocent bystander, but afterward serenely elated, went on in close formation toward the hotel.

Carpenter stopped long enough to telephone to his father. "Don't expect me home till the strike's over," he said.—"Yes, but the work isn't so bad."—"No, really, I like it."—Here a long pause. The governor had been reading a red and blue "extra;" then: "Oh, no; nothing like that. Just enough to warm us up. Not hurt a bit."

For thirteen nights Carpenter slept in the fifty-cent hotel with the twenty-five molders, and thirteen times, at just 6:30 P. M., the flying wedge came out of Hooper & Co.'s front gate, but always into an empty street. By that time the molders from Cleveland were organized as a marching club, a baseball nine, and two football elevens. Carpenter had, so he says, plans for a glee club under way when the strikers went to Mr. Hooper and said they wanted work.

Then the twenty-five went back to Cleveland, and were inclined to be riotous, for they gave, at every station, what they declared was a college yell, with the name of Carpenter an indefinite number of times on the end of it.

SPECULATION—By W. S. Warren

President of the Chicago Board of Trade

SPECULATION in grain is condemned, at least in theory, by the great mass of people of this country. Because the Chicago Board of Trade is the world's greatest mart for the handling of cereals and provisions, this institution stands to the people as the type and symbol of modern grain speculation, and its mention in almost any agricultural community of the land is sufficient to call out the cry "Paper Wheat!"—a term of contempt which is often used by agriculturists to cover all quantities and kinds of cereals named in the speculative operations in which all the actual commodities are not materially delivered.

Let the Chicago Board of Trade cheerfully accept the penalty of its preëminence. And with this it must also endure the penalty of the acts of a certain class which has helped to feed and foster popular prejudice against it, patiently awaiting the time when the general public shall understand that there are two kinds of speculation: that one is legitimate, desirable and beneficial, that the other is illegitimate, baneful and indefensible; and that the former is the basis upon which rests the farmer's ability instantly to sell his grain and to sell it close to the price going on the exchange. Add to this the equally essential statement that against this mischievous and illegitimate form of speculation the Chicago Board of Trade has of late years waged unremitting warfare at a cost of thousands of dollars. Had not this campaign against gambling and fraud, practised in the name and on the credit and standing of this Exchange, been neglected for a score of years the Board would not now suffer the reproach of a widespread prejudice which makes no distinction between gambling and genuine speculation, and which fails to discern the beneficial influence exerted by speculation on the world's markets and on the rewards of the producer.

As an absolute essential, a clear view of the office actually performed by legitimate speculation should first be had.

In the production of cereals this country leads the world, yielding a magnificent surplus in all the great crops. Our average yearly production of wheat is 600,000,000 bushels; of corn 2,000,000,000 and of oats 800,000,000. Last year we exported of wheat 215,990,072 bushels, of corn 177,847,965 bushels, and of oats 37,046,812 bushels. Not for a moment should we lose sight of this magnificent surplus in attempting to get an accurate idea of how legitimate speculation helps to maintain a perpetual and active market for this great resource.

The machinery of modern commercial exchange is too complex and overburdened for any one man to perform more than a small share of the labor involved in sending a product from its place of origin to its final destination, the port of "Actual Consumption." When the farmer has waited the slow course of the seasons and harvested the crop of his own sowing, naturally he feels that he has done quite enough in the process of the world's bread-making, and that he should be entitled at once to get his money out of the crop and leave all further labors to others. His mission is ended.

Next in order comes the local warehouseman or elevator proprietor. He may be either a man of modest means or a capitalist of considerable fortune; but he is rarely, if ever, a man of such resources that he can afford to buy large quantities of grain, and take the chances of the rise or fall of price between the purchase of the grain from the farmer and its delivery to its final destination after the inevitable delays of holding and shipment which occur.

Here, then, is where the speculator comes in and performs his unique and invaluable office. He makes a business of taking chances, and of carrying our great crop surplus from its harvest to its consumption. In other words, by means of the speculator and his operations, the warehousemen, exporters and millers of this country, and the foreign importers, are able to transact their business on known margins of profit. The agency by which this is accomplished is very simple.

First in the line of those handling the actual commodity is the warehouseman. Then follow the miller and the exporter. As fast as the local elevator man takes in the grain from the farmers he sells this commodity for future delivery on the Board of Trade. The same course is followed by the larger elevators at terminal points. When the rush of the grain to market is over and consumption catches up with the supply these sellers step in and buy back their future sales or ship the grain to market to fill their contracts at maturity.

So with the miller and the exporter. This process of "hedging"—of selling for future delivery and then buying in those sales as the actual grain is ground or shipped—makes it possible for the manufacturer and the exporter of cereal products and cereals to do business without assuming the risk of loss by fluctuation in price. This business of risk-taking is relegated to the shoulders of the men who are speculators, and not engaged in a phase of commerce which

must be relied upon to yield them a certain margin of profit as dependable as the profit of the small retail tradesman. Of course, the foreign importer works upon the same plan, buying the actual property and selling a future on the same amount.

All this would be impossible and out of the question were there not a great central mart, like the Chicago Board of Trade, where the world's buyers and sellers are always face to face, doing business on the instant and keeping the kettle of trade boiling every business day of the year.

A Going Market as a Supporter of Prices

It must be self-evident that the more bidding and buying the more active the market. The speculator is on hand and ready to buy or sell on the smallest fraction of variation in price. Every moment of the day he is alert to keep trade alive, and, because of his presence and activity in the pit, the farmer gets a far bigger price for his grain; transportation and carrying charges of every kind are materially reduced, and margins are cut to an exceedingly low fractional basis. In other words, millions of bushels of grain are now bought and shipped because the dealer can sell on the instant, for future delivery, thus protecting himself against fluctuation, and also because the activities of the speculator maintain a constant and going market from January 1 to December 31 of every year.

I am of the opinion that the operations of the speculators have more influence upon the price of our cereals ten months out of the twelve of every year than have the actual conditions of supply and demand. Withdraw speculative buying and values would instantly be revolutionized. Without this support in carrying the crop the farmer would, in my opinion, be compelled to accept an average of at least five cents—more likely twice that margin—less a bushel than he now gets by reason of the facilities provided by the speculators for selling at once for future delivery.

In view of the facts already presented it will probably be clear that every bid on the floor of any regular Board of Trade has a direct effect on the market values. It matters not whether such a bid is made on behalf of a miller who seeks grain for grinding, an exporter who desires the actual commodity for shipment across the water, or the speculator who is in the market for the purpose of taking chances on the rise or fall of prices.

The Demoralizing Bucket Shop

Right here, however, is the line of demarcation between legitimate and illegitimate speculation. The former has been defined, but the nature of the latter remains to be explained. The storm centre of grain gambling—for the operation cannot be dignified by the name of speculation—is in the "bucket shop." This is an institution which has all the appearance of a broker's or a commission merchant's office. On the walls are the familiar blackboards where the quotations are posted; easy-chairs are at the disposal of visitors; the click of the telegraph instrument and the "ticker" is constantly heard, and the place has all the look and atmosphere of the headquarters of a Board of Trade member.

A customer enters and makes known his desire to "deal" in a thousand bushels of wheat. He is told that he must put up a margin of ten dollars, and the latest quotation posted on the blackboard fixes the price at which the transaction is opened. It is closed in a like manner from the quotation appearing on the blackboard when it has reached a figure at which the so-called customer is willing to get out at a profit, or when, on the other hand, it has reached a point where his deposit of ten dollars is "exhausted." In the latter case the money goes into the till of the proprietor. If the customer loses the bucket shop wins, and vice versa. There is no semblance of a bona-fide sale or purchase. In this case the buying or the selling order of the customer is not sent into the trading-pit, does not pass beyond the desk of the bucket shop, and therefore has no influence whatever upon values in the market where the world's prices on cereals are made. It is simply a bet between the proprietor of the bucket shop and his customer based on the quotations of the exchange. So far as fair dealing for the customer is concerned he would far better flip coins for the stake involved, as he might then have an equal show with his contestant for winning the prize. Under representative bucket-shop conditions, however, the game is largely in the hands of the proprietor. He finds it easy to manipulate quotations so long as he keeps within the range of market quotations for the day.

It is true that the bucket-shop customer is often called upon to sign specious and impressive contracts providing that the grain named in the agreement was actually to be received or delivered as the case might be. But this is merely for the purpose of pulling the wool over the eyes of the "lambs."

What effect, it may well be asked, does this bucket-shop business have on legitimate speculation and on the price which the farmers get for their grain? Much—very much! In other words, it diverts from a field of influence on the world's market a large volume of trading. Not long since I prepared an estimate of the volume of business covered by the spurious transactions of eight or ten large bucket shops. At the minimum amount of such traffic possible, it was shown that these houses diverted from legitimate channels a demand for 250,000,000 bushels a year. I am firmly convinced that could all demands of this character in the entire country find their way into the pit, instead of being smothered in the tills of the bucket shops, the result would be to increase the price of wheat ten cents a bushel, and of corn and oats half that amount. In other words, the bucket shops have cost the farmers of this country the handsome margin I have just named.

The War on Bucket-Shop Owners

Since the appearance of the bucket shop, a little more than twenty years ago, it has always had the disapproval of the most substantial men in the grain trade—whether warehousemen, millers, exporters or speculators. What is more important, however, is the fact that the war upon it has not always been waged in a resolute and unyielding manner. Had the attitude of the Chicago Board of Trade been as uncompromisingly hostile to the bucket shop, when that institution first began its career, as it now is, there would not now, in my opinion, be a bucket shop in existence. Efforts at reform were spasmodic earlier in the history of the Chicago Board of Trade, but finally it became apparent that the vestige of support derived by the bucket shop from the Board of Trade must be cut off in a conclusive and incontrovertible manner. Then began a fight which hinged on the contention that the quotations of the prices made on the trading-floor of the Board were the property of the Board and subject in a measure to its control. To establish and sustain this position the courts of the country were repeatedly appealed to and the cost of this litigation became very heavy. Fortunately, however, the courts sustained this contention. One judge in his decision used this clear and forceful characterization of the bucket-shop business: "The quotations are used as the basis of this species of betting as a gambler uses dice to decide the bet. . . . These reports (quotations) were the essence, the very sinew, of the appellant's gambling business, and without the prompt supply of which his business was a failure. Can the appellee be compelled to continue the supply? We think not."

Closely allied to the bucket-shop problem is that of various other questionable practices against which the greatest grain exchange in the world is waging uncompromising war. Unfortunately these shifty methods have occasionally found acceptance on the part of those holding membership in the Board. To expose and punish such members by suspension or expulsion has not been an easy task, as discipline has been resisted with all the force and cunning at the command of resourceful men having a large and loyal following of friends. Several bitter and prolonged contests of this character have attracted the attention of the whole grain-trading world and have been fought with a stubbornness which would have done credit to a senatorial campaign of national interest. In the most picturesque and important of these contests the triumph has been on the side of good morals and sound trading ethics, and more than one member enjoying large influence and prosperity has suffered the extreme penalty of expulsion for violation of the rules of the Exchange, framed for the protection of its own good name and the interests of the public.

The "Sure Profit" Swindler

It is impossible for me to leave this phase of the subject of speculation without giving to the general public a word of warning. Thousands of trusting but ambitious men are annually caught in the net spread by sharpers who send out circulars and place advertisements in the papers inviting the public to a feast of "sure profits" and "certain returns." The schemes by which it is proposed to garner this splendid harvest of cocksure speculation are varied in name, but have the same general features. It matters not whether the prospective customer is urged to join a "syndicate," to become a member of a "discretionary pool," to identify himself with a "community of interest," to go into a "fund" or to enter a "combine" for the purpose of bringing the force of a large capital upon the market, thereby manipulating values to the great gain of the members of the pool or combination—there is but one thing for the level-headed man to do with such a proposition, and that is to let it alone.

Common-sense alone should at once dictate that the man in a great speculative market who has a "sure thing," who holds the key to "certain profits" and commands "exclusive information" regarding the movements of future values is not going to send out circulars and spend money for printer's ink in order that he may share with strangers the benefits and the profits of his peculiar advantage. It should occur to all who listen to appeals of this sort that any man possessing the coign of vantage need only take a few friends into his confidence if he cannot swing the deal alone. Money is always at the command of those who have information and advantages of this nature and who can prove their claims.

There have been a few instances where veteran operators widely known for their personal integrity have attempted to engineer speculative pools or combines, and even have advertised in the newspapers for associates. These honorable exceptions, however, are exceedingly rare.

Schemes of this kind often attain gigantic proportions and involve thousands of persons in ruin and disaster. Those, however, which are not so ambitious and which content themselves with comparatively a small number of victims, prosper for a longer period. The recent "community of interest" scheme which was operated in the East with loss to scores of unfortunate victims is too fresh in public memory to need special comment.

It may be interesting to know, however, that one of the earliest and most successful of these swindles was the famous "Fund W" operated in Chicago in the early eighties. The plan was the one now familiar through many imitations and some improvements. By the combination of thousands of comparatively small contributions or "investments" from all over the country a vast "fund" was to be formed and intrusted to the management of the promoters of the plan, who claimed "inside information" and numerous other advantages calculated to make their speculative operations invariably successful. It was also urged that the command of so great a volume of money made it possible always to "turn the market" their way and produce profits.

A large response followed the first heavy output of circulars. At the end of the first month of alleged operations the management sent out reports to its investors, paying an absurdly heavy "dividend"—ten per cent., as I now recall it. The innocent countrymen who received this enormous return on their humble investments not only increased their own holdings but also told their choicest friends of the "good thing" they had discovered. Here was a speculation that not only paid, but "paid big." More than a million dollars, according to my recollection, found its way into the coffers of this nefarious enterprise. The end of the second month brought another equally heavy dividend to the men who had sent money to this concern. Some, of course, were compelled to withdraw the capital or investment. This was sent them with evident cheerfulness; but where one withdrew, a score of fresh recruits brought in their offerings. Finally the mail matter handled by the post-office for this concern became so large that the suspicion of the post-office authorities was excited, and the Federal secret-service men made a careful investigation which resulted in bringing some members of the management to justice, but not until thousands of poor persons, the most of them living in the country, had been robbed of their earnings by the men who understood the eagerness with which human greed reaches out for "sure profits."

The "Market Thief" and the "Wire Tapper"

Then there are other less flagrant but more insidious methods which cannot be left to the postal and secret-service detectives, but must be made the subject of unremitting warfare by the governing body of the Board of Trade. It is imperative that the standard of the membership in the Exchange shall be kept high and its every transaction maintained on a grade of ethics above reproach. In consequence of this necessity the discipline of the Board of Trade is exacting and makes high demands in character and conduct upon all who are admitted to its membership. Nothing in the practice or methods which falls short of the highest standard of speculative morals is knowingly permitted.

At various times, in order to establish the Board's property rights in the market quotations, and to further its warfare upon illegitimate speculation, the telegraph companies have been denied the right to disseminate quotations in Chicago. This, of course, had the purpose and effect of shutting out the bucket shops. Then the latter were driven to expedients of the most unscrupulous kind. They could not do business without the quotations; these must be had at almost any price, and the only way in which to obtain them under such conditions was to steal them. This kind of pressure brought into existence that picturesque and cunning tool of the bucket shop, the professional "market thief." Generally this species of rogue plied his calling by means of wire tapping, employing a discharged or dissatisfied and unscrupulous lineman, familiar with the whole system of Board of Trade telegraph wires.

Of course, every member of the Exchange was at liberty to send the market quotations to his individual customers and correspondents wherever they might chance to be located. In doing this he could use his own private wire if he had one, or could send the message over the public wires.

How the Quotation Thief Operates

The wire tapper would trace a private wire—let us say one going from a large commission house in Chicago to its branch office in St. Louis—over which only market reports were sent. If possible the tapper "cut in" on this line where it passed through some loft or shaft in a building. His connection was always made with an exceedingly delicate wire. The latter would lead to some out-of-the-way building where its current would pass through a "sounder" and then into the ground. In some instances these "sounders" have been concealed inside walls, casements and tables, and could be "read" by the operator only as he placed his ear near or against a particular spot on the wall or table. As the operator read the whisperings of the telltale sounder which repeated the message going out from the commission merchant's Chicago office to his St. Louis branch, he made a quick copy and passed it to another operator who sent it to the select list of bucket shops with which he had made arrangements.

Often, however, the tappers found it necessary to go many miles into the country until they could find a badly cracked telegraph pole supporting this particular private market wire. Into this crack was placed a very fine wire which was connected with the one over which the desired quotations were being sent.

This tap wire, after being carried in the crack to the ground, was strung to a convenient point on the line, and so connected that it made the circuit complete and operated the sounder in the secret office of the wire thieves.

(Concluded on Page 19)

The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop

Crane's Voice Brings Elsie's Letter

By Hamlin Garland

Author of The Eagle's Heart

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS—Captain George Curtis, U. S. A., has been detailed as Indian Agent on a Tetong Reservation to take the place of Agent Sennett, who has been mistreating and cheating the Indians. Jennie, the sister of the Captain, accompanies him. The cattlemen of the State have determined to force the Indians from the Reservation so as to secure their land. Streeter is a cattleman who owns a ranch within the Reservation boundaries. His son Calvin is deeply impressed by the charms of Jennie. Elsie Brisbane, an artist, the daughter of United States Senator Brisbane, and Osborne Lawson, an author from the East, were at the Agency when Captain Curtis arrived, but have returned to Washington. Miss Brisbane, while at the Reservation, fiercely took the side of the deposed agent against Curtis; but, learning from her father in Washington that Sennett was really dishonest, she has written to the Captain a letter of apology. Her striking beauty has deeply impressed Captain Curtis, but, from the first, she has systematically snubbed and flouted him.

SEVENTH CHAPTER

THE stage-driver and mail-carrier was young Crane's Voice and he congratulated himself on having his back to the wind on his forty-five-mile ride up the valley. A norther was abroad over the earth, and as it swept down from wildernesses, seemingly gathering power as it came, it crossed two vast States in a single night and fell upon the Fort Smith Reservation with terrible fury about ten o'clock in the morning.

Crane's Voice did not get his mail-sack till twelve, but his ponies were fed and watered and ready to move when the bag came. He did not know that it contained a letter to warm the heart of his hero, the Captain, but he flung the sack into his cart, sprang in himself, and put stick to his broncos. The road was smooth and hard, and quite level for the first thirty miles, and he intended to cover this stretch in four hours. Darkness would come early and the snow, which was hardly more than frost at noon, might thicken as night fell. So he pushed on steadily, fiercely, silently for five hours till the darkness began to clothe the buttes, and then he lifted his voice in a deep, humming, throbbing incantation rhythm to keep off spirits of evil.

Crane's Voice was something of an aristocrat. As the son of a chief, he had improved his opportunities to learn of the white man. He could speak a little English and understand a good deal more than he acknowledged, which gave him a startling insight at times into the dark souls of the white people. His reports of the unvarying kindliness and right feeling of the new Agent had done much to make the whole tribe trust and obey Curtis.

Crane's Voice found his road heavy with drifts as he left the main valley and began to climb, and he did not reach the Agency till long after Curtis had gone to bed, but he found his old mother waiting for him, and also Crow, the Captain of Police, who took the bag of mail to the office. As he drove into the big corral out of the wind, the boy said in English: "Heap good. Me no like 'um blizzard. Fleeze ears like buffalo horn." Beyond this his complaint did not go.

Curtis came to his office next morning with a heavy heart. The bitter cold and driving wind made the condition of his helpless wards so full of hardship that he could not sleep for thinking of them. He spoke to all of those he met with unusual tenderness, and asked after the children, to be sure that none were ill on such a day.

Wilson, his clerk, laid a big package of letters and papers on his table, with a pale-blue, square envelope ostentatiously balanced on top. Wilson sighed to think he had no such letter in his mail that gloomy morning. Looking in a half-hour later he saw Curtis writing busily in answer, and all the rest of his letters unopened. "I thought that was the important one," he said, with a smile.

Curtis had opened the missive eagerly but with no expectation of comfort. As he read he forgot the storm outside. A warm glow crept into his blood. Loverlike, he read into the letter a great deal more than Elsie had intended to include, and had seized his pen to reply at once—just a few lines to set her mind at rest—but his pen ran on so fast, so full of energy, that his writing became all but illegible.

Dear Miss Brisbane: You have given me keen pleasure by your letter and I am replying at once in order to say that I did not lay your words up against you, for the reason that I felt you did not fully understand the situation. I have thought a great many times of you and of the good you might do these poor people if you could only come to see them in their true light. Your letter gives me courage to say that I think you are unjust in your attitude toward these primitive races—and I also hope that as fuller understanding comes you will change your views. Take the case of the Tetongs.

Here they are, fenced in on the poorest part of this bleak Reservation, exposed to the heat and drought of summer and the cold of winter. This morning, for example, the wind is rushing up the converging walls of this valley—which opens out to the north, you remember—and the cold is intense. I am just sending out messengers to see that none of the children are freezing. Everything is hard as iron, and the Indians muffled in their blankets are sitting beside their fires glum as owls. Jennie has the kitchen full of old women and I have given orders to issue an emergency ration.

I must tell you something which happened since you went away—it may correct your views of these people. It is my policy to give all hay and wood contracts to the Indians instead of the white man, and when I told the white who has been putting in the wood that I was about to let the contract to the red he laughed and said: "You can't get 'em to do that work!" But I felt sure I could. I called them together and gave them fifty axes and told them how much wood I wanted. A few days later I thought I'd ride over to see how they were getting along. As I drew near I heard the most astonishing clickclack of ax-strokes, shouts, laughter, and the falling of trees, and when I came in sight I was actually scared. They had hundreds of cords already cut—twice as much, it seemed, as I could use. I begged them to stop, and finally got them to begin to haul. In the end I was obliged to take sixty cords more than I needed. Had I delayed a few days I might have had a riot on my hands.

You cannot imagine what a pleasure it is for me to see ancient lies about these people destroyed by such experiences as this. It was pathetic to me to see Old Grayman, Elk and other proud old warriors toiling awkwardly with their axes, their small hands covered with blisters, but they laughed at each other and joked about it, and encouraged each other as if they were New Englanders at a husking-bee. My days and nights are full of trouble because I can do so little for them. If they were on tillable land, or if I could control the water, I could make them self-supporting in two years, but this land is arid. It is fair to look upon, but it will not yield a living unless irrigated.

Your attitude toward the so-called savage races troubles me more than I have any right to mention. The older I grow the less certain I am that any race or people has a monopoly of the virtues. I do not care to see the so-called barbarous peoples of the world civilized in the sense in which the word is commonly used. It will be a sorrowful time to me when all the races of the earth shall have lace curtains, electric cars and Derby hats. You as an artist ought to shrink from the dead level of dress which the English-speaking race is about to impose on the world. If I could I would civilize only to the extent of making life easier and happier—religious beliefs, songs, the native dress—all these pleasant things I would retain.

My artist friends as a rule agree with me in these matters, and that is another reason why your contemptuous, or, at least, unsympathetic, attitude gives me genuine sorrow. I know your home life has been such as would prejudice you against the red man, but your training in Paris should have changed all that. You consider the Tetongs good material—if you come to know them as I know them you will find they are *folks*, just like anybody else, with the same rights to the earth that we have, simpler and ruder in their thought—but quite as human.

Pardon this long letter. You may call me a crank if you please, but I am anxious to have you on the right side in this struggle, for it is a struggle to the death. I found a little scrap of canvas with a sketch of Peta on it—may I keep it? My sister is quite well and deep in "the work."

It was foolish for Curtis to expect an immediate reply to this letter, but he did—such is the weakness of strong men. Perhaps, had he been in Washington, diverted by Congress, cheered by the Army and Navy Club, and entertained nightly by men and women of his own rank, he would not have surrendered so completely to the domination of that haughty girl-face; but in the dead of winter, surrounded by ragged, smoky squaws and their impatient, complaining husbands, with no companionship but that of his sister and Wilson, his clerk, his thought in every moment of relaxation went back to the moments he had spent in Elsie's company. Nature cried out, "It is not good for man to be alone," but the iron ring of circumstance held him a prisoner in a land where no fit woman presented herself as a mate.

Outwardly composed, indefatigable, stern in discipline and judicial of report, he was inwardly filled with a mighty longing to see again that slim young girl with the big, black, changeful eyes. He made careful attempt to conceal his feeling from Jennie, and succeeded measurably for a time, but her keen senses, accustomed to every change in his voice and face, detected a tremor on his lips when Elsie's name was mentioned, an eager quality in his voice which revealed much—though she did not reach a complete realization of the hold this passion had taken upon him.

He had not told her of Elsie's letter, and as the weeks passed without any reply he was very glad he had kept silence. Jennie had her secret also, which was that Elsie was as good as engaged to Lawson. No one knew this for a certainty, but Mrs. Wilcox had been quite free to say, "It is considered a settled thing."

Elsie's reply, when it came, was studiedly cool, but polite.

I feel the force of what you say, but the course of civilization lies across the lands of the "small peoples." It is sorrowful, of course, but they must go like the wolves and the rattlesnakes.

In this phrase he recognized the voice of Andrew J. Brisbane and it gave him a shudder of pain to see it written by Elsie's hand. The letter ended by leaving matters very adroitly at an equipoise.

As he reread it, however, some subtler sense than sight detected beneath its carefully compounded phrases something to feed upon, and though he did not write in answer to it he had a feeling that she expected him to do so.

Meanwhile the tone of the opposition was very confident. The settlers were informed that Congress would accede to their wishes and pass the removal bill, and they treated the Indians with a certain good-natured tolerance, as if to say: "Well, you'll soon be settled for, anyway."

Calvin Streeter came often to the Agency and not infrequently stayed to dinner with Curtis, paying active court to Jennie, who retained enough of her girlhood's coquetry to enjoy the handsome cowboy's open-eyed admiration, even though she laughed at him afterward in response to her brother's jocoseness. Calvin was not of a cautious nature and his talk kept Curtis very well informed as to the feeling of the settlers. He reported their conversations and the speeches at their meetings with great freedom and remarkable accuracy.

"Curtis is a bad man to monkey with," was the phrase current among the settlers on the West Fork, and young Crane's Voice translated this to his uncles, Lame Paw and Two Horns, and so the tribe came to understand that they had a redoubtable defender in Swift Eagle, as they called Curtis in their own tongue, and they came to love him and obey him as they had never loved and obeyed even their best-beloved chief.

The squaws made excuse to come in and shake hands and hear his voice, and the children no longer hid or turned away when he came near; on the contrary, they ran to him crying, "Hello, papa!" and clung to his legs as he walked. The old men often laid their arms across his shoulders, or spoke jokingly of pulling out the hairs of his face in order to make him a Tetong.

His lightest wish was respected. The wildest young daredevils of the tribe would dismount and take a hand at pushing a wagon or lifting a piece of machinery when he asked it of them.

"If I had the water that flows in these three little streams I would make these people self-supporting at once," he said to Jennie, "but the whites have it all—barely enough trickles past to water our stock."

Editor's Note—This story began in The Saturday Evening Post of December 14.

EIGHTH CHAPTER

ONE day Curtis came briskly into the house, smiling gayly "Sis, we are called to Washington"

I can't go now, George," Jennie instantly replied and without marked disappointment

He seemed surprised. "Why not?'

' Because I have my plans all laid for giving my little 'ingines' such a Christmas as they never had. Can't you manage to get back in time to be 'Sandy Claws'?"

"I doubt it. I am to appear before the Committee on Indian Affairs relative to this removal plan. They won't adjourn till the twenty-second at the earliest, and there may be other business requiring me to remain over the holidays"

' I don't like to have you go. I suppose you'll see Mr Lawson and Miss Brisbane ' she remarked quietly after a pause

"Oh, yes," he replied with an assumption of carelessness Lawson will appear before the Committee also, and I hope to visit Miss Brisbane's studio." He did not meet her eyes as squarely as was his wont and her keen eyes detected a bit more color in his face than was usual with him

Many things combined to make this trip to Washington most pleasurable to Curtis. He was wearied with two months of most intense application to a confused and vexatious situation, he had not been in the capital for several years, and his pocket was filled with urgent dinner invitations from fellow-officers and coworkers in science—courtesies which he now had opportunity to accept—and beneath all was the desire and the possibility of meeting Elsie Brisbane again. He immediately wrote her a note telling her of his order to report at the Department and asking permission to call upon her at her convenience. His was a forceful nature. The same persistence which led him to plough his way across the San Marco Divide at risk of freezing now pushed him on into a resolution to see this alluring young woman at whatever cost of self-respect

As the train neared Washington, Curtis' heart was big with quiet joy To him, as a soldier and a departmental worker, the capital was the centre of power and interest. He knew its life thoroughly and loved it. It seemed more nearly his home than any other place outside of the mountains

It was characteristic of the man that he took a cab to the Smithsonian Club rather than to the Army and Navy Club—being out of active service and a man of scientific tastes he found himself in closer contact with the scientists than with the soldiers He was not at all sure of sympathetic treatment from the older officers who frequented the smoking-rooms of the Army and Navy Club

He was made at home at once in the plain but comfortable "rooms of the Bug Sharps," and had just time to report by telephone to the Secretary of the Interior before the close of the official day. Several letters awaited him, among them one from Miss Brisbane which he naturally opened and read at once

> My father is writing you an invitation to come to us immediately. You said you would arrive in Washington on the seventeenth, either on the 11 A. M. train or the one at 3 P. M. In either case we will look for you at six-thirty to dine with us before you get your calendar filled with other engagements I shall wait impatiently to hear how you are all getting on out there. It is all coming to have a strange fascination for me

This letter quickened his pulse in a way which should have brought shame to him, but did not. The Senator's letter was ponderously cordial. "I hope, my dear Captain Curtis, you will be free to call at once. My daughter and Lawson——"

At that word a chill wind blew upon the Agent's hope Lawson! "I had forgotten the man!" he said almost aloud "Ah! that explains her frank kindliness. She wrote as one whose affections are engaged and therefore feels secure from criticism or misapprehension." He resumed the Senator's letter, which ended with these significant words "There are some important matters I want to talk over in private

A note from Lawson also urged him to take his first dinner in the city with them. "I want to post you on the inside meaning of certain legislation now pending

Curtis made his toilet slowly and with great care—remitting nothing the absence of which would indicate a letting down of military neatness and discipline. He wore the handsome undress uniform of a captain, and his powerful figure, still youthful in its erectness (although the lines were less slender than he wished), was dignified and handsome—fit to be taken as a type of mature soldier. At six o'clock he set forth, self-contained but tense with feeling

The Brisbane portico was immensely imposing to one who was but yesterday a dweller in tents and cantonments, but Curtis allowed no sign of his nervousness to appear as he handed his overcoat and cap to the attendant in the vestibule As he started down the polished hall, stepping over a monstrous bearskin, he met Miss Brisbane in the door of the drawing-room, her back against the folded portière, her slender figure exquisitely gowned. She put out her hand, a smile of frank welcome on her lips.

"Ah, Captain, this is very good of you—to come to us so soon."

"Not at all," he gallantly replied. "I would have come sooner—had opportunity served

"Father, this is Captain Curtis ' she said, turning her head toward one who stood within

Brisbane came forward, greeting Curtis most cordially. He was a large man, but a little stooping from age. His massive head was covered with a close-clipped bristle of white hair, and his beard, also neatly trimmed, was drawn to a point from the habit he had of stroking it with his closed left hand in moments of thought. His skin was flushed pink with blood and his urbane manner denoted pride and self-sufficiency. He shook hands warmly, but Curtis felt his keen and penetrating glance as palpably as an electric shock

Lawson's voice arose: "Well, Captain, I hardly expected to see you so soon"

As the two men clasped hands Elsie again closely compared them. Curtis was the handsomer man, though Lawson was by no means ill looking even by contrast. Curtis more nearly approached the admirable male type, but there was charm in the characteristic attitudes and gestures of Lawson, who had the assured and humorous manner of the onlooker

A young woman of indeterminate type was seated in conversation with Mrs. Wilcox. She received Curtis with impassive countenance, eying him curiously through her glasses. Mrs. Wilcox was very cordial and inquired all about the people at the Agency—and especially she wished to know how little Johnny and Jessie Eagle were. "I quite fell in love with the tots—they were so cunning. I hope they got the toys I sent

Brisbane gave Curtis the most studious attention also—lounging deep in his chair. Occasionally he leaned ponderously forward, as if fearing to lose some remark—an action which did not escape the Agent's notice. "He's sizing me up," he thought "Well—let him."

Elsie also listened, singularly like her father in certain inclinations of the head, intent, absorbed Only Lawson seemed indifferent to the news the Agent brought

Brisbane broke his silence by saying: "H'm' I infer you're on the side of the redskin."

Decidedly, in this connection

Quite aside from your duty?"

Entirely so. My duty in this case happened to be my inclination. I could have declined the appointment, but being a believer in the Army's management of Indian affairs I couldn't refuse

Brisbane settled back into his chair and looked keenly at his visitor

"You think the white man the aggressor in this case?'

"I am not at liberty to speak further as I am a witness for the Government.'

Mrs. Wilcox interrupted smilingly. "Andrew don't start this discussion now—dinner is served and I know Captain Curtis is hungry.'

Elsie rose. "Yes, papa—leave your heavy-firing till some other time, when you can bang the furniture

Curtis expected to be detailed to take Miss Cooke to the dining-room, but Elsie smilingly approached him to say: "You're to go in with me

I am very glad of the privilege," he said with deliberate intent to please her

He was greatly struck with the girl's change of manner—imperious with others, she was here the obedient daughter, deferring in all things to her sire, who had not ceased to consider her a child

Seated at her right hand, with Mrs. Wilcox between him self and the head of the table, Curtis was fairly out of reach of Brisbane, who was observably eager to open up some dangerous line of discussion with his guest. Presumably he wished to discuss the question of the removal of the Tetongs.

Elsie turned to him at once to say: "Do you know, Captain Curtis, I begin to long to return to the West. Everybody is enthusiastic over the studies I made, and I've decided to go back in the spring. How early could one come out?"

Any time after the first of May—in fact, that is the most beautiful month in the year; the grass is deliciously green then. I'm glad to know you think of returning and Jennie will openly rejoice. It seems too good to be true. I will see that you have every facility for your work.

(Continued on Page 16)

"Don't you smoke, Curtis a? Step and have a cigar"

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 173 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, a whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

¶ J. P. Morgan is going to Europe. The guard around the pyramids has been doubled.

¶ It may be observed that tetanus is not prevailing to any alarming extent among Congressmen.

¶ None of the critics of the Boer War has insinuated that the Missouri mule does not well play his humble part.

¶ No seats are to be sold for King Edward's coronation, but American visitors will cheerfully hang on to straps if given a chance.

¶ The surplus should get itself photographed so that after Congress has applied its celebrated anti-fat treatment it may remember how it once looked.

¶ Managers of the Charleston Exposition are so modest that they will not put themselves out to make a special effort to outdo the Buffalo Fair in the matter of a deficit.

¶ General Chaffee asks that there be no reduction in the number of troops in the Philippines until 1903 or later, and that two million dollars be spent in the construction of permanent headquarters. Other millions are asked for other purposes in the Philippines, until it begins to look as if the islands were like the mechanical toys received at Christmas—it costs more to keep them going than it did to buy them.

Specialists in Statecraft

THE same forces which have brought into being new methods in business, science and the learned professions are beginning to exact special and unfamiliar services from our representatives in the Federal Government, and are formulating specifications for a new genus of legislators and diplomats. A short half-century ago the stock in trade of our lawmakers was a knowledge of Blackstone, a knack of oratory, some familiarity with political history and a quoting acquaintance with the pagan classics. Our doctors and scientists, likewise, schooled themselves in the old authorities and were content with lifeless book-knowledge. All that has changed. The age of Darwin bore golden fruit that we loosely term "the laboratory method." The doctor has closed his books and studies the human body, living and dead, in the hospitals. The scientist has left his theories in his study, and in his laboratory examines the thing itself—the reality the idea stood for. And now we see a public man lock up his library and go to the ends of the earth to study—not books, but men; not theories, but conditions; not ethnologies, but peoples—living men in the very act of building empires and recoloring the map of Asia.

A clear-cut type of the new public servant is Mr Beveridge, who has done this thing. He has realized that changed conditions mean changed requirements. He has seen the working of "the laboratory method" in science and he has applied it to statecraft. He has gone into the great world-laboratory where history is made and has overlooked the experiments of the nations. He has foreseen that the statesman of the future will be—nay, must be—a specialist; and so he has mapped out for himself a special course in that great university that has no name, no faculty, no initialed graduates.

—F. S. BIGELOW.

One trouble with economy is that it is usually practised by men who do not need to exercise it.

The Habit of Starting Right

UNLESS there has been a marked change in human nature during the past year, as many people will begin 1902 with a series of good, if not actually new, resolutions as began the preceding year under similar conditions. Not all of these will subscribe to a completely formulated contract for improved behavior—the majority, in fact, will resolve subconsciously. But the yearly making of resolutions comes so pat with the beginning of a fresh calendar on the first of each succeeding January that the custom has an indefinite and altogether fortunate tenacity

It has been often repeated that these good resolutions are like glass balls in that they are made for the sole purpose of being broken. The figure shows an inadequate knowledge of the uses of glass balls: before breaking they are intended to serve a more useful purpose in training the eye and hand of a marksman. A good resolution, even when broken, gives mental training very much in the same fashion. The process of making it and of honestly trying to carry it out is a long and necessary first step toward the mental strength that makes a human being actually master of his own actions. A faculty for comfort, for example, is a pleasant thing to carry on a journey, but laziness is a useless piece of luggage

Successful resolutions, all comic writers to the contrary, are really made on the first of every January, but they depend, like genuinely successful politics, much more on commonsense than on emotional impulse. A man who has been intemperate in his own comfort—to keep to the one concrete example of laziness, or to its even worse form, procrastination—can hardly leap into activity and hold the pace very long at a time. He can, however, divide his daily existence into two parts, during one of which he may busily tie up the loose ends of his occupations, and during the other devote himself to doing nothing with all the success to be expected of his past experience. Even if he fails in the effort the attempt is something toward a future success along the same line of endeavor. There is much more reason to respect the man who makes and breaks a yearly set of resolutions than to respect the discouraged individual who gives up trying after a few failures

If the whole nation should start out to keep the same resolution the real value of individual endeavor would stand out more clearly, and the result, one may be optimistic enough to believe, might prove a revelation to those who advance the broken-glass theory. There is the subject of good citizenship, for instance. We have recently seen, in one case, the result that follows when a whole community becomes vitally interested in its politics, and in another the result that comes from a merely conventional interest. Suppose that every citizen in the country should resolve for one year to understand political questions, to think for himself, and to act up to his convictions. Even counting those who fall by the wayside, the result might bring back the generally informed political earnestness of our first national elections; and the actual power felt by each man, in the strength of his own knowledge, might go far to reaffirm that resolution universally on the first of next January.

—R. W. BERGENGREN.

The candid friend usually remains candid longer than he remains a friend

Germany Making Faces Again

SOME singular ideas prevail abroad, especially in Germany and Austria, as to the nature of foreign trade and of international relations as affected by it. In his remarks on the tariff bill in the German Reichstag, a university professor named Paasche commented upon President Roosevelt's message, and asserted that in her tariff policy the United States had been guided solely by considerations of her own interests. Doctor Paasche criticised those who maintained that Germany must not antagonize the United States. He said that this country could not understand such a contention, "and Germany would get more from the United States by showing her teeth than by displaying sentiment."

Why should there be any question of "showing teeth" in the matter? Of course, our tariff policy is based on a regard for our own interests. So is Germany's; so is Austria's; so is every country's. England has free trade, not out of benevolence for the rest of the world, but because she thinks it is the best arrangement for herself. In this country we have people who believe in a high tariff, others who believe in low duties, and others who would prefer none at all. We have some who like protection straight and some who wish to have it diluted with reciprocity treaties. But all alike are acting for what they consider American interests.

A nation may draw the sword for sentiment, but there is no sentiment in trade.

Therefore, if Germany thinks it will be to her interest to double her tariff or to shut out imports altogether and seal up her frontiers as those of Japan were sealed up a hundred years ago, let her do it by all means. But there is no occasion for her to "show her teeth" in the process.

We can imagine a world divided up into a series of cells, each self-contained in the matter of commerce, and having no communication with any other. It would be rather a queer world in some respects, but there would be no occasion for the inmates of the various cells to make faces at each other. And we can also imagine a world one vast commercial whole, with the currents of commerce flowing in every direction regardless of international boundaries. There might be warm competition under such circumstances, but if any country did not like competition it could shut it off and no other would have any right to object.

But German and Austrian thinkers who are resentful of American prosperity are suffering from an exaggerated self consciousness. They regard every attempt of an American producer to make a dollar, or of our Government to help him do it, as a malicious attack upon them. They would feel a great deal better if they could realize that our policy, whether wise or foolish, is simply one of minding our own business, and that they are at perfect liberty to adopt the same plan.

—SAMUEL E. MOFFETT.

It may be better to be born lucky than rich, but no one can be sure about it for the reason that he who is born rich is lucky.

When Greek Meets Greek

THE occurrence of street riots in Athens and the defeat and resignation of a Greek ministry, and all because of a proposal to make a popular version of the New Testament, must seem grotesque enough to most readers. The linguistic and political movement in Greece, however, makes it not inexplicable nor even unnatural.

The literary language of Greece comes of an attempt to construct a form of Hellenic speech as much like that of the ancient Greeks as possible. It is the work of scholars, and it has become the language of educated people, but it is not the language of the people at large. It is an attempt to emphasize the closeness of the modern to the ancient Greeks, and the general purity of their descent; and it naturally comes into collision with the fact that the people of Greece are more Slavonic in blood than Hellenic, and that the popular dialects reflect this fact. Even in the literary Greek there are Slavonic elements, but they are kept in subordination. In the popular dialects they are so plentiful that for want of them the common people cannot understand books written in what professes to be the language of their country. But to put the New Testament into the popular language is to make confession of the ethnologic fact that the Greeks, of the mainland at least, are rather Slavs than Greeks. As Findlay pointed out, it is only in islands like Crete that the pure blooded descendant of the old Greeks is found.

The dialects of the popular speech differ widely, falling into two groups—insular and continental—and the Slavic is more plentiful in the latter. One of the brightest of modern Greek comedies is called Babel, and turns on these differences. A number of Greeks are celebrating the Battle of Navarino in a wineshop, but they are from different parts of the country, and they become hopelessly tangled up in their efforts to understand each other. At last one of them applies to his neighbor a term of perfectly innocent meaning in his own dialect, but most offensive in that of the other. The result is a free fight; and when a representative of the law interposes and tries to find what it is all about the confusion is "worse confounded," as every man tries to tell the story in his own dialect, and Dogberry understands none of them.

Another reason for Athenian sensitiveness is the growing hostility of the Greeks to the Slavonic race. Seventy years ago the Greeks loved the Slavs, for was it not the great Slavic empire which stood up for them against Turkey? But since that time there have been great revolutions of popular feeling in the Balkan Peninsula, and the Greek sees in the Slav the chief obstacle to the annexation of Macedonia and Roumelia to Greece when the Turk is driven out. The majority of the Christian populations of those two provinces are not Greek in either blood or speech, but predominently Slavic. So the hope that some day Constantinople will again become a Greek city is thus blocked by the Slav, and the idea of making any concession to the hated language of that race is most distasteful to the thinking and political Hellenic people.

—ROBERT ELLIS THOMPSON.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Senator Hoar's Careful Cabby

Senator Hoar

SENATOR HOAR, the senior Senator from Massachusetts, is hardly what the young man of the day would call a "natty dresser." When in Washington, and the occasion demands, he rises to the dignity of dress, but when at home in Worcester or wandering around Boston he is inclined to those garments to which he has become accustomed by fairly long use.

Even when campaigning his attire is that of the shrewd up-country farmer, rather than of one of the most able members of the United States Senate.

But this attire, which outwardly consists of a long, thick coat, always snugly buttoned, a pair of good-sized comfortable shoes, dark trousers, and a well-worn, brown slouch hat well pulled down in front, has led to confusion more than once during late happenings—because—well, those in charge hardly expected to see the Senator appear just that way.

One instance of this kind whispered about relates to an incident at a suburb not far from Boston. After much diplomacy the district leaders, all of whom not only owned evening clothes but also wore them on the slightest provocation, managed to get an agreement from the Senator that he would make an address for the good of the cause. They made elaborate preparations to receive him, but, too disturbed by the thought of his greatness, not one of them dared to go to meet his train on its arrival. Instead, they waited in the hall while the town hackman, in charge of a new equipage, was sent out to pick him up.

The man's instructions were to bring the Senator with all speed, and when, after a long delay, the driver was seen carefully guiding his spick-and-span team so as to avoid the worst holes and making advance at a snail's pace, the entire reception committee took to the sidewalk.

"Yer needn't hurry," the driver yelled to them. "He didn't come. But I got an old cove—his man, I guess—who will tell you about it. No use of mucking the team, I thought, so I came slow."

He drove up to the curb and then waited till the old man inside got out unassisted, but smiling and happy. Fortunately some one of the committee men knew the Senator, and gave a jump to greet him. The most chagrined man of all was the hack-driver when he discovered his mistake, but he made up for it in driving Mr. Hoar back, for he drove so fast that he got enough mud on his team to keep him busy for three days cleaning it.

He explained that the Senator had simply asked if the carriage was for Mr. Hoar, and that, on account of the clothes, he never suspected that it could be the Senator himself.

General Bates and the Sultan of Jolo

Brigadier-General John C. Bates, now in command of the Department of the Missouri and shortly to assume at least temporary command of the Department of the Colorado in addition, is a member of the newly created Board on the Location and Distribution of Military Posts. All the military posts in the United States will be visited and a general reorganization of the system may result. Lieutenant General Nelson A. Miles, Major-Generals John R. Brooke, Elwell S. Otis, Samuel B. M. Young and Arthur MacArthur, and Brigadier-Generals George M. Randall and William A. Kobbé are the other members of the Board.

General Bates is the officer who negotiated the treaty with the Sultan of Jolo, and in social moments relates many interesting stories of his conferences with that picturesque potentate. At first the ruler of the Jolo Archipelago was reluctant to trust the United States, and through Datto Rajah Muda, his brother and heir-apparent, and his secretary, Hadji Butu, made repeated and polite apologies for his absence, explaining that he was busy officiating at religious observances.

The state religion, by the way, is Mohammedan, and the Sultan is now making preparations to undertake a pious pilgrimage to Mecca. The journey will be an impressive one, and for the first time in history a potentate carrying the flag of the United States will travel to that ancient shrine.

The high character of General Bates, his tact and patience, so impressed the emissaries of the Sultan that that ruler was finally delighted to welcome the American General to the imperial residence at Maibun. The chief objection set forth by the Sultan to the then proposed treaty was that, under its terms, he could not hoist his own flag above all other emblems as he cruised about among his one hundred and thirty islands. General Bates explained that to secure the protection of the United States it was necessary that the American standard be exalted above his own banner. When he found that he would suffer no humiliation thereby, but that, on the contrary, his power and dignity would be augmented, he was easily induced to concur in all the remaining stipulations, considering them of small importance. His one thought was that there should be no diminution of the homage he demands.

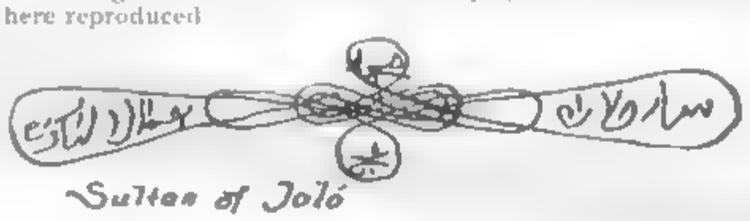
The United States Supreme Court will be called upon to consider the legal aspect of the treaty. Provision was made by General Bates that it should be subject to future modification by the mutual consent of the President and the Sultan.

As a mark of esteem the Sultan offered General Bates a pony and a valuable pearl, and the American officer had great difficulty in making His Royal Highness see the impropriety of a treaty-maker, acting for the United States, accepting gifts from the other interested party. The United States Government stood ready to reimburse the Sultan in the sum of $1500 for his military expenses incurred at Siassi, and the Sultan had been eager to accept it, but when General Bates declined his proffered gifts it took considerable argument to convince the potentate that he should take the $1500.

When the Sultan and his retinue visited the United States Steamship Charleston, Captain Pigman and General Bates escorted them about the boat. The Sultan was immensely pleased at the attention and the salutes, and at the power embodied in the vessel, but what pleased him above everything else was a phonograph. He listened to it repeatedly and afterward in the negotiations brought the subject up and made arrangements to have one sent to him from America. He stated that he wished to present it to a niece.

General Bates is a man of grave dignity and of extreme penetration of mind. He has a keen sense of humor, but seldom tells a funny story. Though naturally reticent, he can speak with power and ease when occasion demands. His father, Edward Bates, was a member of Lincoln's first Cabinet. General Bates is unmarried, a fact which was a matter of vast surprise to the Sultan, who has two hundred wives. In Jolo the number of a man's wives establishes his status as a citizen, and to the Sultan it seemed incredible at first that the American Government had actually intrusted matters so important as treaty-making to a man who had no wife at all.

The signature of the Sultan is unique, and a facsimile is here reproduced:



Sultan of Jolo

Lines to E. C. S.

By Richard Henry Stoddard

Two poets knew one another
From callow youth to age,
And, tho' neither was over sage,
Each called the other Brother. —Anon.

To E. C. S.

Full fifty years are past, Ned,
Since the summer day we met;
Our hopes have fled too fast, Ned,
With little we regret;
One friend remains to the last, Ned,
For I am living yet.

We are withered leaves on Time's old tree,
Battered about as the cool airs blow,
Hither and yon, and to and fro,
Aloft and alow, each with a shout,
A surly menace of snow.
Such similes may seem to be
Unfit for you, most fit for me.
Look at me now, alas, alack;
Are these the locks were once so black —
This grizzled beard, this frosty hair?
My head, dear Ned, is almost bare.
Sometimes, confusing then with now,
No short, stout stripling, such as thou —
A sapless trunk, a fruitless bough.

I mind me o' puir Robbie's sang,
I hae forgot it lang;
'Tis of an arrant loon and knave
Wha sang a hearty stave me bold and brave
Wi' ane foot in his grave,
The other planted on firm ground.
Wha sings it has his spirits bound
As mine do now, perdie.
"He played a string, and danced it round,
Below the gallows tree."

Pledge we ourselves, your health and mine!
Choose you a vintage fresh and fine —
Mine shall be Redi's Tuscan wine.

Sing we ourselves, but not too long,
Not sad, dear lad, but clear and strong,
Because it is your birthday song.

The Easiest Language of All

Professor Bernard Moses, one of the Taft Commission in the Philippines, has for many years been at the head of the department of Political Economy in the University of California. In addition to being a student of finance and sociology, he is both polyglot and historian, and his studies in the history and literature of Spain and Mexico especially fit him for his work in the Philippines. He looks upon learning a language as a very small matter.

One day in his class-room at Berkeley he began to illustrate a point he had been making by quoting at length a passage in French from one of the political economists of the University of Paris. A student ventured to interrupt, remarking that the recitation, however valuable, would have more significance for him if the Professor should render it into English.

"Do you not speak French?" Professor Moses asked.

"I regret to state that I do not," rejoined the student.

"In that case," replied the Professor, preparing to continue with the quotation, "I should advise you to get up early some morning before breakfast and learn it."

Governor A. B. Cummins, C. E.

There are few outside the family circle of Hon. A. B. Cummins, who has just been elected Governor of Iowa, who know how narrowly he missed distinction as a railway civil engineer; that he built one short Indiana line, and was offered the position of chief engineer of another railroad, then in its infancy, which now is one of the greatest in the country.

It was for a short time only that Mr. Cummins wrote his name "A. B. Cummins, C. E., Chicago," but the abilities and magnetic personality which have since made him a power in politics helped him to his present pinnacle with astonishing promptness.

He was born in a sedate, railroadless village in Western Pennsylvania, where farming means almost equal attention to crops and to stones. He had plenty of hard work on his father's farm, and was educated at the local academy and then at Waynesburg College. A practical vocation was his first choice. He took a short course in surveying, and then went to Indiana to work as chainman in a surveying and construction corps, thus laying out a little railroad under the direction of the chief engineer.

One day a telegram was handed the chief of the party. He read it, and then turned to Cummins with the words: "Bert, I want to talk to you."

The chief had received a flattering offer from another road, and at once decided to accept it. "Cummins," he said, "you are the only man on the job capable of finishing it, and you'll have to be chief engineer. You don't know much about railroading, but I'll fill you up with it in the next two days."

And only a few months before Cummins had never seen a locomotive except on his trips from college to his home.

"Well, if you'll be good enough to show me," he began; but the chief engineer interrupted him: "There is only one of the bridges built, and you don't know the first thing about a bridge-span, I suppose, so you'll have to study the one I've got across the river below here and build the rest like it."

That bridge was fifteen miles from camp, but Cummins started early the next morning to walk to it. He examined it closely, girder by girder, brace by brace, and then he tramped back, doing some tremendous thinking on his way. He studied out the principles of that bridge that night and thanks to the coaching of his friend and chief, got the plans for the railroad well in mind. He went on with the work so smoothly that his appointment over the heads of older men in the business did not arouse jealousy. There were a number of bridges and culverts to be built, and rails were to be laid.

[illegible] day came and the President of the road, with the Directors, solemnly went over the line, with Cummins trailing in the rear in an ecstasy of worriment lest there might be something amateurish in his work. Every mile was torture.

But when it was all over there were compliments for Chief Engineer Cummins. He made, indeed, so favorable an impression that he was soon offered the position of chief engineer for a road which now extends from Chicago to the Pacific Coast, with thousands of miles of ramifications.

He refused it, however, and went to Chicago to study law, and later went into politics. And that is how Iowa got Cummins for Governor.

The Bean-Pole and the Corncrib

A friend of Hon. Shelby M. Cullom occasionally takes pleasure in recounting an incident connected with the present Senator's first reception after he became Governor of Illinois.

In the line of approaching "handshakes" he saw a rural giant whose massive figure towered above all the other occupants of the crowded room. Mentally the Governor made the comment: "That man must weigh about three hundred pounds."

When the ponderous man reached His Excellency and extended his hand he asked in deep tones, audible in every part of the room:

"And you're the Governor of Illinois, eh?"

"Yes, I have that honor," replied Mr. Cullom.

"Well," exclaimed the giant, "I must say you're built on a mighty slim pattern for a Governor! If I'd stand behind you I guess we'd look something like a bean-pole leaned up against a corncrib!"

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Anecdotes and Oddities

[illegible] Paisley in Utah, Major Capes in Colorado, Alfred Wetherill in New Mexico, "Blue" in Arizona

Where Four States Meet

IN THE United States there is but one "four corners," where four States and Territories join. More than this, it is the only place of its kind in the world. This point, upon a spur of the Carizo Mountains, is the one where Colorado, Utah, New Mexico and Arizona join.

At no other place on the globe do we find four States, Territories or Provinces uniting to form such a junction.

This spot is not easy of access and few tourists ever see it. A stone monument stands at the point, erected by United States surveyors and inscribed with the names of the States and Territories whose boundaries meet there. The point is reached by a trail from the road leading from Ouray Springs in Colorado, in the Ute Indian Reservation, to the San Juan River. The trail leaves the road and crosses the river near Scott's trading-post in Utah and leads to the monument, which is of the usual type erected by Government surveyors to mark State corners.

A former monument was destroyed a few years ago by Navajo Indians and only the cairn of rocks was left, but during the past summer another surveying party visited the spot and rebuilt the monument, leaving it as it is shown in the picture.

How Rhodes Got Even

IN CLUBS in Cape Town and London they are reciting the details of a little "curtain raiser" in which characters no less distinguished than Cecil Rhodes and Rudyard Kipling are the *dramatis personæ*. Friends of both declare the plot to be an apocryphal one, stating that Kipling is too wary to be caught napping, as he is reputed to have been in this case.

It is a well-known fact that Kipling and Rhodes, though fast friends, delight to play practical jokes on each other, and unless this latest account of their amiable contests can be substantiated, the wit of the author has triumphed throughout over that of the statesman. The story in question was brought to America by some American mining engineers who related it recently at a dinner party given in Washington.

According to the tale, Kipling and Rhodes were fellow-passengers on a Cape railway train bound toward Kimberly. Up to the moment of departure from Cape Town Rhodes had been busy sending political dispatches, and it fell to the lot of the poet to book their seats and berths. The author is a man of boyish build; the empire builder is ponderous and has a decided aversion to sleeping in a top berth. Knowing this, the poet determined to have fun at the expense of the man of destiny. When that night the ex-Premier found that he had been assigned to an upper berth his rage was great. He pleaded with the agile Kipling to exchange with him, but the poet with a sardonic smile assured Rhodes that he could not think of exalting himself above so mighty an Imperialist, and so the bulky statesman had to climb laboriously to bed.

After midnight the train stopped at a small station on the desolate karroo, and the wife of a Colonial official got aboard. When she discovered that notwithstanding her telegram no reservation had been made for her she lifted up her voice in loud protest. The commotion awakened Rhodes, who thrust his head out between the curtains and demanded to know the cause of the disturbance.

"I am the wife of Colonel [illegible]," she exclaimed, "and although I wired for a berth none has been saved for me."

"That's all right," thundered the Colossus; "my little boy is occupying the berth just under mine; turn in there with him."

The lady was appeased and proceeded to take advantage of the offer. Presently there was an insurrection in the lower berth.

"Now, don't cry and make a fuss," the lady was heard to say; "your father told me I might sleep here."

"Madam," gasped the author of The Jungle Book, "do you know who I am?"

"You are the little son of the gentleman in the upper berth, are you not?" faltered the now startled woman, peering into the dark compartment.

"Nothing of the sort," roared the poet; "I am Mr. Rudyard—"

Before he could confess further the frightened woman fled to another car. The upper berth shook with convulsive appreciation as the poet with the mingled vocabulary of several tongues berated the South African statesman.

"Ring off on the cuss word and the swear," exclaimed Rhodes from his altitude of mirth, "and give us something about a rag and a bone and a hank of hair."

But with picturesque wrath Kipling stuck to his impromptu program, and the remainder of the night was filled with impassioned utterance.

A Fable

By Carolyn Wells

A MAN there was, endowed with wealth,
Friends, fortune, fame, good looks and health,
Obedient children, loving wife—
Uncounted blessings crowned his life.

But, though he viewed his lot with pride,
Think you this man was satisfied?
No; not content with fame and pelf,
He borrowed trouble for himself.

As copybooks have often taught,
The borrower's way's with sorrow fraught;
And one who asks a loan, some day
The obligation must repay.

Now, he who borrowed trouble found
That when the pay-day came around,
He had to owe, with grief and shame,
He hadn't a trouble to his name!

So he was fettered hard and fast,
And in a debtor's prison cast.
And there he weeps with bitter moan
Because he can't repay his loan.

MORAL:

Don't borrow trouble, for, alack,
You may have none to pay it back.

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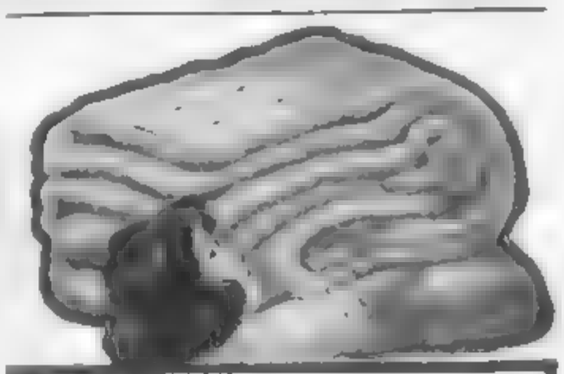

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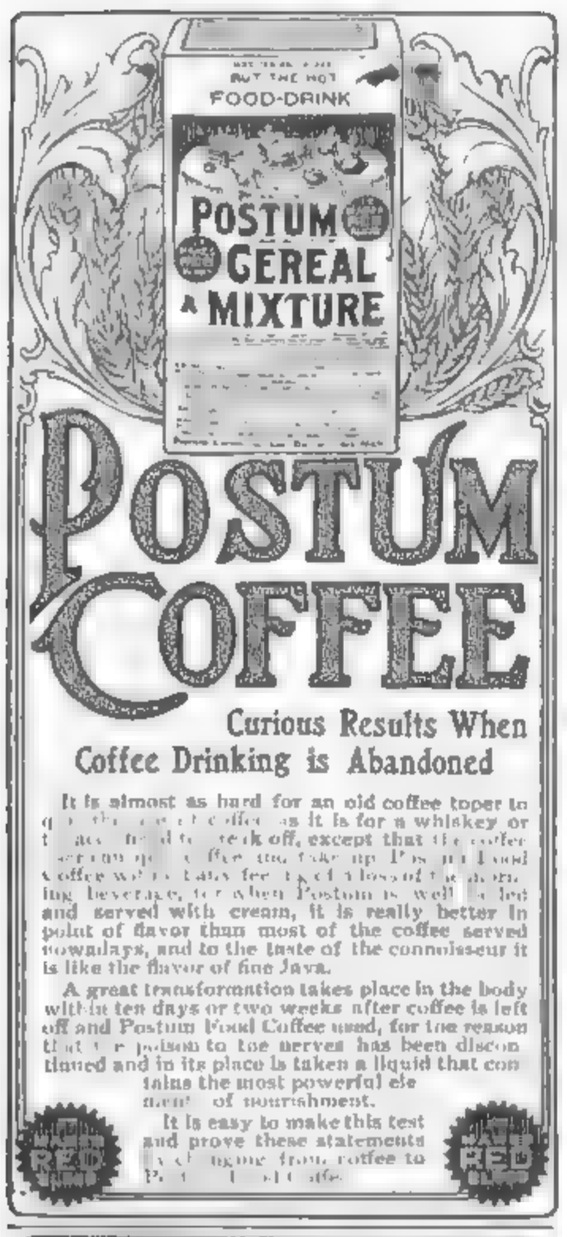

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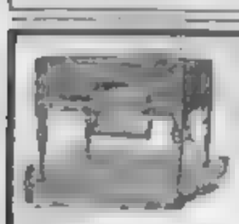

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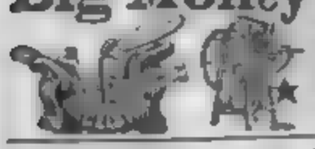

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Literary Folk—Their Ways *and* Their Work

Mr. Egerton Castle

MR. EGERTON CASTLE, whose Light of Scarabæus and other books have made him so widely known in America, is one of the most versatile men in London literary life. He was educated mainly in France and England, taking an honor degree in natural science at the University of Cambridge. Immediately on leaving the University he entered the Army, receiving promotion to a captaincy before resigning his commission, in 1883, to study law. This profession not proving congenial to one of so imaginative a mind, he turned to literature. In this his wife, Mrs. Agnes Castle, who has since collaborated with him in a number of his more popular books, was no small influence.

On the death of his father it devolved upon Mr. Castle to assume charge of the family interests in the Liverpool Mercury, founded by his grandfather, Egerton Smith. Later he was for nine years a writer on the Saturday Review. Mr Castle's first sustained work of fiction was followed by a book of short stories, La Bella and Others. In this latter the name of Agnes Castle appears on the title page as joint author, as it has done with other books since. Mrs. Castle is the daughter of Michael Sweetman, of Lamberton Park, Queen's County, Ireland. She is a brilliant conversationalist and of magnetic personality.

The London study of Mr. Castle at [illegible] on Sloane Gardens reflects his tastes, temperament, and the varied callings for which he has received a thorough equipment. This room is in the depth of the house, lined with books from floor to ceiling, with intervening spaces left for armor and pictures, and it reflects the soldier and the scholar. Some of this armor is old and rare, and the collection includes swords ranging from the antique damascened to the slim modern dueling blade. His book, Schools and Masters of Fence, now a standard work, proved an outlet for the great mass of information that he had gathered on the subject. In addition he is an expert swordsman and wielder of weapons, and no tournament-at-arms, either in England or on the Continent, is considered complete without his assistance as one of the judges. Mr Castle is the only foreigner ever elected to the French *Académie des Armes*, which dates from the sixteenth century.

Soon after the appearance of his book on Schools and Masters of Fence, Mr Castle lectured at the Lyceum Theatre on The Story of Swordsmanship. Sir Henry Irving, interested in the feats of arms with which Mr Castle and several of his colleagues illustrated the lecture, asked him to write a one-act play for performance at the Lyceum. Mr. W. H Pollock, of the Saturday Review, collaborated with Mr. Castle in the play, Saviolo, which was founded on a romantic incident in the career of Vincent Saviolo, an Italian nobleman, who sought to mend his fortunes in London toward the close of the sixteenth century by teaching the art of rapier play and fence. Later the lecture was repeated before King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, and an interest was established that resulted in a revival throughout Great Britain of feats of skill at arms. Since that time Mr. Castle has been called upon to plan the duels and pageants-at-arms for the principal presentations at London theatres, notably those at the Lyceum.

All this proves how natural was the bent which so strongly inclined him to romantic stories in which a glint of steel constitutes a phase. But beyond this there was another and a deeper underlying current of influence — his early education and associations.

His father, Michael Arthur Castle, a man of independent fortune, preferred the easier life of France, Italy and Spain to that of England. As a consequence young Castle lived away from his own country until he was seventeen. In the winter he studied mainly in Paris. Each spring, staff in hand and knapsack on back, he was his father's companion in walks through the most romantic portions of Italy, France and Spain. As they walked, the elder Castle, a man of broad associations and culture, would live over again with his son the stories of those early days when knights and ladies peopled the domain through which they then traveled. These stories gave the novelist, as he acknowledges, many suggestions, for the most part unconscious, for certain episodes that have helped to give to his books a peculiar and fascinating interest.

In his early years he was inclined to be delicate, but this rigorous training on the road, and his fencing, sea-rowing, bouts with professional wrestlers, developed him into an

Mr. and Mrs. Castle

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The summers he spends at his country residence, Haslemere, in Surrey, and there this year with Mrs. Castle he has been writing his new book, The Star-Gazer, amid the very surroundings in which the scene of the book is placed. This new book, the authors say, will be something of The Light of Scarthey on the one hand and something of Young April on the other.

The versatility of Mr. Castle's studies and the thoroughness with which he has equipped himself for each in turn—science, the Army, journalism, and higher literature—and his wide and unusual experiences, are accountable for the versatility of his books, which vary in theme, material, scene and treatment to such an extent that each in a way might be attributed to a different pen.

—William Armstrong.

The Personality of Puss

Not till the last page does Miss Repplier reveal, with rare delicacy, that her irenicon was written In Memoriam of a beloved puss, Agrippina, to whose shades, in fact, she has dedicated her book, The Fireside Sphinx *(Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)*. The cat of the remotest past, the cat of the evolutionary days of civilization, and the cat that now is—cats of history as well as those of art, romance, comedy and tragedy,—are all charmingly memorialized by the author's accustomed wit and graciousness. She has, however, mercifully spared us in the main the cat anecdotal, mindful that many persons of feeling find "animal stories" more or less of an ordeal.

Humanistically, and not in the spirit of a natural historian, Miss Repplier weighs in nice balance the *felis domestica*, as carefully and in much the same way as she might ponder the attributes of man. She finds puss generally up to standard, though not without alloy, shrewdly adding that, "when we know just what it is that we value in friend or cat, the analysis blights our affection."

Despite the warmth and brightness of her tribute to the mysterious, silent voluptuaries who divide and often dispossess our affection for their eternal rival, the dog—a creature ethically the worthier—this dexterous attorney on the cat's side is not blind to the egotism and arrogant insouciance of the little beasties. Any waiving of the ethical deficiencies of cats is due, one may be sure, not to insensibility on Miss Repplier's part, but to the pathos which has ever surrounded these animals since they became no longer objects of veneration as they once were, but pets, mere pets—a loss of prestige which might well explain their dignified aloofness. If the cat, in its sleek and fascinating insolence, barely tolerates us as providers of hearths, rugs, easy chairs and saucers of milk, so, too, we poor humans, who must have responsiveness to our loves, mete out in return only such residuum of emotion as can easily be spared.

The personal attitude of the cat is an unsettled problem. Present once at a passing discussion over them, I answered, to some one who held that these creatures are essentially patrician, that they seemed to me to have no satisfying intelligence. "They don't need to have any mind if they are aristocrats," was the rejoinder! An ambiguous pleasantry, ill calculated to strengthen the position of puss as a social factor.

I wish that the author, since she has discoursed seriously as well as playfully, had given some explanation of the occasional antipathy to the cat—not the stone-throwing, tail-pulling hostility of boys, but that psychological dread, impossible to eradicate, difficult to control outwardly. Napoleon had this instinctive opposition—so they say—but that was, perhaps, because he couldn't dominate the elusive little beasts.

It is this beautiful creature's tragic destiny to be an egotist. At best the cat has more style than quality; at worst, indifferent and often treacherous, it shrinks, though no coward, from brutality and thoughtlessness, and excites commiseration for its Hagar-like lot.

To be fond of cats is indeed almost a mark of refinement, but to be refined, alas, is not to be more free from egotism and a love of luxurious ease than is the cat itself.

One might suppose from what I have said that Miss Repplier's pages were calculated to provoke controversy. Far from this, their graceful, vivid apologetic merely awakes the possibilities of amiable conversation. On one point only do I see a chance to dispute so just, yet so loving, an estimate. Miss Repplier evidently holds, with Mr. Andrew Lang, that "no two cats have the same traits." It seems to me that in spite of its self-absorption and apparently strong personality the cat is generic and not individual. Of infinite variety in color, hair, markings and other external signs, cats, in character and habits, are really undistinguishable one from another. With the same love of comfort, the same purrings, the same baffling eyes; domestic only for what they get out of social life, yet, in their hearts, true dwellers of the desert or the jungle, and of an ill-regulated moral sense with its superabounding consequences; cats, one and all, never have differentiated as they might have done had they submitted, like the dog, to the fine disciplines of civilization.

—Lindsay Swift.

A Pretty Story of Pioneer Life

Mistress Joy, by Grace MacGowan Cooke and Annie Booth McKinney *(The Century Company)*, is a pretty story of pioneer life in Natchez a hundred years ago. It is not historical, save for the introduction of Aaron Burr as one of the characters, and he neither makes nor mars the tale.

The heroine is a wonderful young woman of the type made familiar to us in recent American fiction. The daughter of a poor and simple-hearted Methodist parson, she has spent her young life in a little, lonely cabin six miles from Natchez, with her father and a Cherokee brave for companions. She has cooked, and washed, and scrubbed, and felled trees for her kitchen fire, and helped occasionally to fight hostile Indians. Her one ambition is to be a preacher of the Word in this remote and humble field. Then suddenly we see her transplanted to New Orleans, and established as a reigning belle. She dresses beautifully, dances ravishingly, leads a minuet with Louis Philippe, has a duel fought for her favor, and becomes the impossible beauty of romance, with whose perfections all men fall hopelessly and monotonously in love.

The reader is dazzled rather than convinced. Bucolic maidens, even when their heads are "regal," and their hair "red gold," and their eyes "stockaded with a battlement of wondrous lashes," have fashions of speech and gait and carriage which are unlike those of the world. Why should not a novelist be frank enough to admit as much, and give us a study of contrasts, instead of insisting upon the impossible, and turning an honest flesh-and-blood girl into a Columbine or a fairy-tale Princess. Even when Joy returns to her woodland cabin, and tells the good Methodists of Natchez that she intends to wear "beautiful apparel" for the rest of her life, unless "the flowers are all dyed in sombre hues, and the noonday sky is decked in black instead of blue," we cannot regain our old-time faith and confidence. She was a great deal nicer in her homespun frock than tricked out in "flowered muslin, bound and looped with ribbons of tabbied silk." She was much better employed in shelling corn than in instructing a congregation about the rights and wrongs of dancing.

After the New Orleans episode has shaken our belief in Joy, the interest of the story centres itself in a little black child, a forlorn "Princess," plunged by a malign stroke of fortune from royalty to servitude. This girl's passion and pride, her pain in her degradation, her indomitable fierceness of soul, and her immaculate freedom from the white man's code of morality, are described with so much vigor that the final drama in which she plays her part does not startle us for a moment. When the chance comes, Lalla promptly murders her mistress and returns to the West Indies, "forever unsuspected, forever unrepentant." It is a fine piece of poetic justice.

Mistress Joy is a well-told story. But its author should know that Roman Catholics do not "go to confessional" any more than they "go to kitchen." They go to confession, or they go to the confessional, which is merely a closet wherein penitents are shriven. This error of speech is repeated so often that it courts correction. *—Agnes Repplier.*

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The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop

(Continued from Page 11)

How handsome he is! the girl thought as she studied his impassive face. His profile was especially fine and the line of his neck and shoulders was very graceful. An impulse seized her.

"Captain, I'd like to paint a portrait of you. Could you take time to sit for me while here?"

"That's very flattering of you," he slowly replied, "but I'm afraid my stay in Washington is too short—and too preoccupied."

Her face darkened. "I'm sorry. I know I could make a good thing of you. I'd like to try at least a sketch."

"Thank you for the compliment," he replied gravely, "but I fear it is out of the question—at present. But next summer, if you come out, perhaps I can give the time for it. By the way, you promised to show me your pictures when I came, and your studio."

"Did I? Well, you shall see them, although they are not as good as I shall do next year. One has to learn to handle new material. Your Western atmosphere is so different from that in which we all paint in Paris——" She broke off as if in contemplation of the problem—rapt with question how to solve it.

"There speaks the artist in you—and it is fine—but I'd like to see the humanitarian side of you, too," he replied.

"There is none," she instantly replied with a curious blending of defiance and amusement. "I belong to the world of light and might——"

"And I to the world of right—what about that?"

Elsie laughed. "That amuses me! A soldier—the embodiment of Might dares to talk of Right."

Curtis grew grave. "If I did not think that my profession at bottom guarded the rights of both white men and red I'd resign instantly. The Army is the impartial instrument for preserving the peace——"

"That isn't the Old-World notion," put in Lawson from across the table.

"It is *our* notion," stoutly replied Curtis. "Our little Army to-day stands toward the whole nation as a police force relates itself to a city—a power that interferes only to prevent aggression of one interest on the rights of another."

Brisbane's big, flat voice took up the theme. "That's a very pretty theory, but you'll find plenty to claim that the Army is an instrument of oppression."

"I'll admit it is sometimes wrongly used," Curtis replied. It was plain that Brisbane was lying in wait for his guest, and as they were about to rise from the table Curtis whispered to Elsie:

"Rescue me! Your father is planning to quiz me and I must not talk before I report to the Department."

"I understand. Let us go straight to my studio." She motioned to Lawson to remain, and with the sigh of a martyr he sank back into his chair.

As they were about to leave the room Brisbane looked up and seemed surprised. "Don't you smoke, Captain? Stay and have a cigar."

Elsie answered quickly: "Captain Curtis can come back. I want him to see my studio, and I know if you get to talking he will miss the pictures altogether."

"She has a notion I'm growing garrulous," Brisbane said, "but I deny the implication. Well, let me see you later—there are some things I want to discuss with you."

Elsie led the way slowly up the big staircase. "I haven't frames for all my canvases yet," she said. "Besides, you really need daylight to see them properly."

"Am I to make remarks?" he asked as they entered the studio.

"Certainly; tell me just what you think."

"Then let me preface my helpful criticisms by saying that I don't know an earthly thing about painting. We had drawing, of a certain kind, at the Academy, and I used to visit the galleries in New York when occasion served, but that seems the top of my art education."

He placed a chair for her before her easel. "Now, here is my portrait of little Peta. How do you like that? Is it like her?"

"Very like her, indeed. I think it excellent," he said with real enthusiasm.

After having seen several others he resumed: "Naturally, I can say nothing of the technique of these pictures. My praise of them must be on the score of likeness to the original. They are admirable portraits—exact and spirited, and yet——" he hesitated.

"Don't spare me," she cried out.

"Well, then—they seem to me unsympathetic. For example, the best of them all is Peta—because you liked her—you comprehended her a little, for she is a child, gentle and sweet. But you have painted old Crawling Elk as if he were a felonious mendicant. You've gloried in his rags, in his wrinkled skin, his knotted hands, but you've left the light out of his eyes. Let me tell you something about the old man. When I saw him first he was sitting on the high bank of the river motionless as bronze and as silent. He was mourning the loss of his little grandchild, and had been there two days and two nights crying till his voice had sunk to a whisper. His rags were a sign of his utter despair—you didn't know that when you painted him."

"No, I did not," she replied softly.

"Moreover, Crawling Elk is also the analyst and story-teller of the tribe. He carries the winter count and the sacred pipe, and can tell you of every movement of his tribe for more than a century and a half. His mind is full of poetry and the most mystic conceptions of the earth and sky. He knows little that white men know, and cares for very little that the white man fights for, but his mind turns with awe toward the mysterious universe into which he has been thrust and which he has studied for seventy-two years. Could you understand the old man as I do you would forget his rags. He would loom large in the mysterious gloom of life. Your painting is as prejudiced in its way as the description which a cowboy would give you of this old man—you have given the color, the picturesque qualities of your subjects—but you have forgotten that they are also human souls groping for happiness and light."

As he went on Elsie stared at the picture fixedly, and it changed under her glance till all he said seemed written on the canvas. The portrait ceased to be a human face, and became a merely mechanical setting together of features—a clever delineation of the exterior of a ragged old man holding a beaded tobacco pouch and a long red pipe.

She was deeply affected by his words. They held conceptions new to her—but deeper yet his voice pierced her—strangely subdued her. It quivered with an emotion which she could not understand. Why should he care so much whether she painted her subjects well or ill? She was seized with sudden bitterness.

"I wish I had not shown you my studies," she said resentfully.

His face became anxious. "I beg your pardon—I have presumed too far. I hope, Miss Brisbane, you will not take what I say too much to heart. Indeed you must not mind my words at all. I am first of all a sort of crank—and then, as I say, I don't know a word about painting—please forget my criticisms."

She understood his mood now—his anxiety to regain her good will was within her grasp—and she seized the opportunity to make him plead for himself and exonerate her.

"You have torn my summer's work to flinders," she said sullenly, looking down at the bit of charcoal she was grinding into the rug beneath her feet.

This silenced him. He took time to consider what this sudden depression on her part meant. The anxiety suddenly left his tone. "Come now, Miss Brisbane, you're making game of me by taking my criticisms so solemnly. I can see a smile twitching your lips this moment. Look at me."

She lifted her head and broke into a laugh. "You must see my other pictures by daylight," she was saying. "Mr. Lawson likes this particularly." They had moved out into the little reception room. "I did it in Giverney—we all go down now to paint a row of Monet's willows."

Lawson! Yes, there was the secret of her increasing friendliness. As the fiancée of Lawson she could afford to lessen her reserve toward his friend.

And so it happened that, notwithstanding her cordial welcome and her respectful consideration of his criticism, he went away with a feeling of deep disappointment. That her beauty was more deeply enthralling than he had hitherto realized made his disquiet all the greater. Once out upon the street she seemed a dream of imaginative youth, far separated from any reality with which he had any intimate association.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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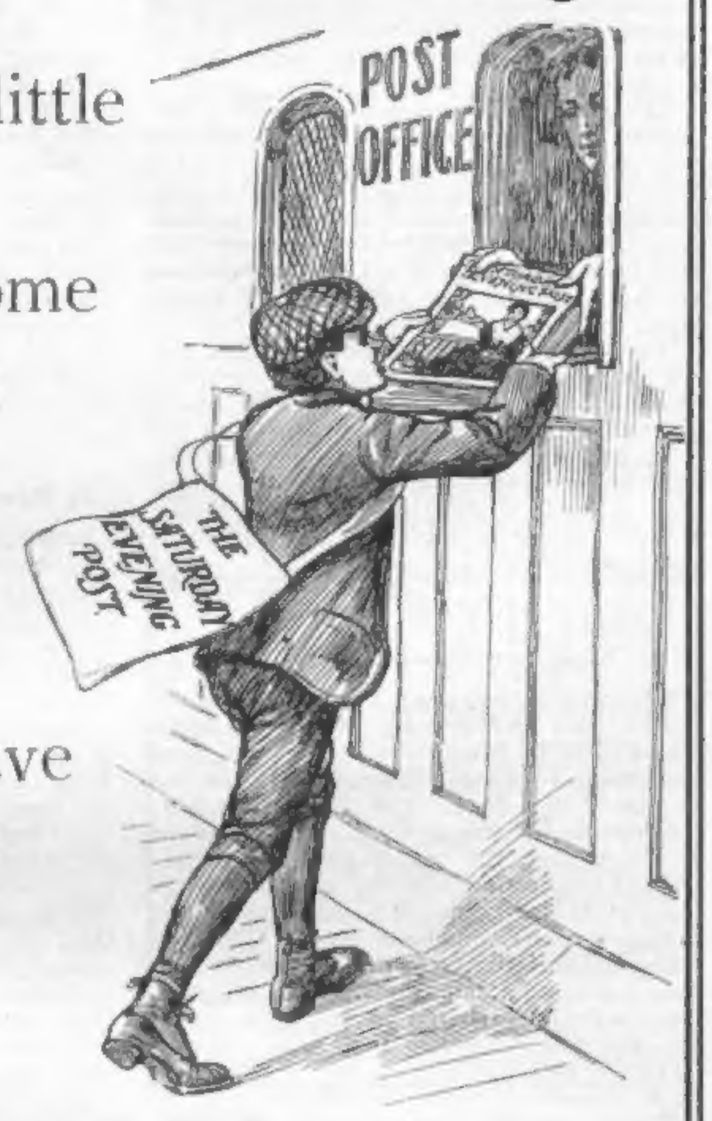

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SPECULATION

(Concluded from Page 9)

Another example of successful wire tapping was that in which an electrician made the necessary splices on the roof of a building, and ran his own wire through the walls down into a deserted vault. In this vault the bucket shop's telegrapher received and transmitted the valuable quotations.

Even with modern scientific appliances it is not easy to trace the leakages of this kind, and in the old days the location of a skillful tap was exceedingly difficult. Some men have made large sums in the business of wire tapping and market thieving; others have received State's prison sentences.

Occasionally, however, the bucket shop has met its match on its own level of morals. Many years ago, for example, several men devised a scheme for giving a certain bucket shop a "taste of its own medicine." They induced a person having the privileges of the trading floor to become their confederate and to stand before a certain window, at each fluctuation of the market, and indicate the change in the quotation by a simple and easily understood code of signals, by gestures, which were observed by a man looking out from a window across the street. Did the wheat market go up an eighth of a cent? The wheat man on the exchange floor carelessly lifted his hat slightly above his head and then replaced it. If the same market dropped, the hand holding his hat fell at his side. A handkerchief was the corn sign.

From the man to whom these signals were first given they were passed on to a second man at the corner of an alley and by him were transmitted to another confederate in the bucket shop. So promptly were these signals passed that the man in the bucket shop knew the price made on the board before the quotation reached the bucket shop. This, of course, is equivalent to saying that the customer who acted for the conspirators had the inside track and placed his bets in a way which brought in very large returns for a few days. But greed caused the men in this scheme to overreach themselves. They played the game too heavily and too often. The proprietor of the bucket shop saw that he must detect the nature of the combination, or meet disaster. Spies were sent out and at last the system was detected. In many instances similar schemes have been operated in periods during which quotations were shut off from the telegraph companies.

Plunger Gains and Corner Losses

Public interest is always keenly excited in deals of great magnitude, in sensational "corners" and in great bull and bear movements by Napoleons of the pit. Though there is nothing the veteran trader more enjoys than to recount the stirring incidents of such campaigns, it would be manifestly improper for an official of the Exchange publicly to indulge in this pleasure. But there is still something which may, with entire propriety, be said on this score. As a rule, attempts to "corner" or control the market in any of the leading cereals have been disastrous to the plungers who have staked their fortunes on such daring operations. This is because the laws of supply and demand are inexorable and because prices sensationally high always bring out unknown reserves in quantities almost invariably underestimated by the dashing plunger, who imagines that his opponents have sold him more of the grain in question than they can buy at any price—save as they buy of him at the price he may choose to stipulate. In other words, the experiences of plungers have generally forced the conclusion that the grain market is too big for corners.

On the other hand, there have been notable exceptions to this rule and great fortunes have been made at a single stroke by the plunger's methods. It is certain that a single short campaign of this character yielded a famous speculator more than a million dollars net profit—and it is likely that his harvest was nearer two millions.

Big deals no longer excite the same general comment that they would have created a few years ago. A certain speculator is just now credited with having a line on ten million bushels of oats. The deal creates no sensation to speak of. A dozen years ago a line on a million bushels of oats would have started no end of comment. At that time the man who could swing such a line would immediately have been denominated a plunger. Within the past five years one speculator engineered a deal involving some thirty or forty million bushels of wheat.

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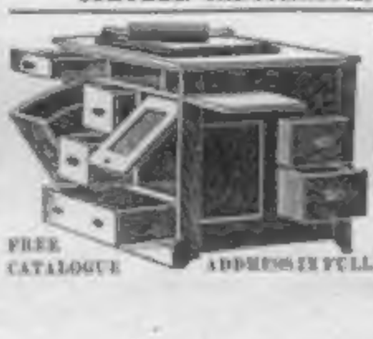

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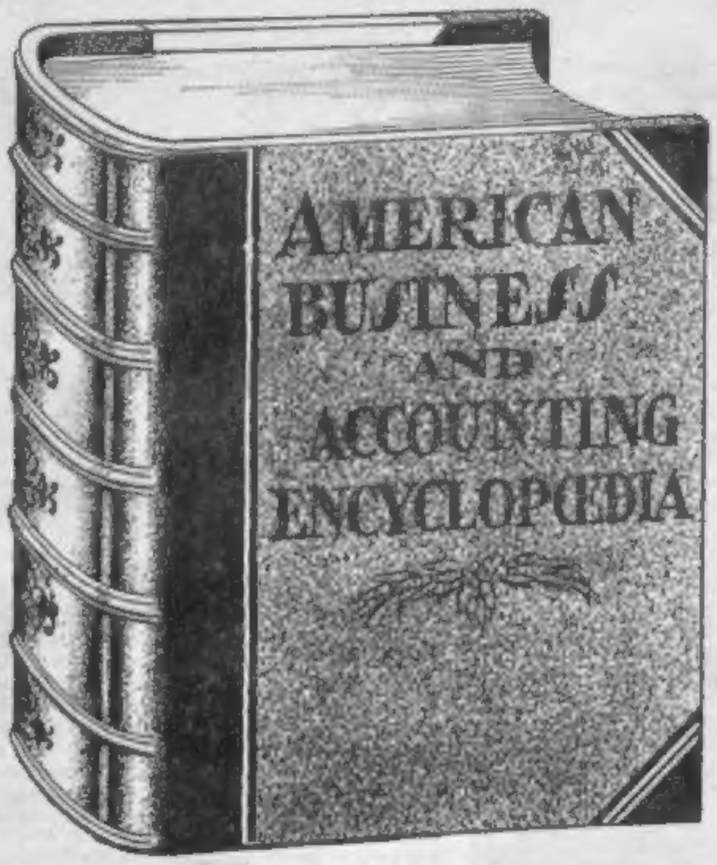

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